John Bull, May 4th, 1918.

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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 622 SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1918. TWOPENCE.
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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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JOHN BULL

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Vol. XXIII. No. 622. **Week ending Saturday, May 4th, 1918.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Albert Hall Meeting.

Were you there—or were you outside? *We* arrived mid-day, taking our rations with us.

A Message.

This is the message which we forwarded to Sir Douglas Haig: "That this mass meeting of citizens assembled in the Royal Albert Hall, London, sends an expression of unbounded confidence in you and your gallant men and of affectionate regard to all, under you, who are so nobly maintaining the proud tradition of British arms." And I wish the boys at the front could have heard the cheers when that message was read.

Going, Going ——!

Robertson, Jellicoe, Carson, Trenchard, Rothermere—who next? Poor Premier! But we've got Austen back!

After Rhondda.

We fear, too, it must be accepted as fact that Lord Rhondda, if he has not yet actually gone, is going. Which would, of course, mean that Mr. Clynes—one of the Labour revelations of the war—would take his place. *What's that?* No, thank you!

Lord Northcliffe.

It may also be assumed that the Newspaper King has had enough of it. Strange, how these Business men can't hit it with the politicians!

A Conundrum.

Asked in the House of Commons "What is the use of a War Cabinet, the members of which know nothing about war?" Mr. Bonar Law replied, "That is a conundrum very difficult to answer." Then why not "Give it up"?

Just So.

Our dear brother of the *Rangoon Mail* says he has always regarded us as the "Court Fool"; but, to assuage our feelings, he adds that in this imperfect world "a fool is often saner than a seer"—or, for that matter we hope, a wait and seer.

A "Revelation."

According to a weird contemporary, whose acquaintance we confess, to our regret, we have only just made, "Mr. Bottomley has stated that if the war didn't end in February, the Bible would have proved to be false." What a "revelation"!

The Same To-day.

Do you remember the story of the old Scotch piper taken prisoner by Napoleon? He was ordered to entertain the French troops with the bagpipes—playing first, by command, a pibroch, and then a march. "And now," said the officer, "give us the Retreat"—receiving the reply, "Mon, I never learned *that*."

An Irish Pun.

A reader in the Emerald Isle suggests, apropos of the pending trouble, that the Hierarchy should be re-named Hieranarchy. He may go up one.

A Middlesex Magistrate.

We have often commented upon the very human character of Mr. Charles Lee, Chairman of the Willesden Magistrates. And now we find him giving up his lovely house and grounds at Stonebridge Park for a V.A.D. Hospital for wounded Middlesex men—but funds and garden chairs are required. 'Nuff said.

A Dubious Compliment.

In the opinion of the *New Statesman*, *we* could have made a better speech to the House of Commons than did the Premier when he recently "reviewed the situation." But it is fair to our contemporary to add the qualification—"if this kind of stunt *has* to be done."

Office Official Grammar.

Here is another example—this time taken from the Official Certificate issued to soldiers: "This is to certify that Sergeant Smith has been awarded the Meritorious Service Medal in recognition of valuable services rendered *by H.M. the King.*" And there is at least one ex-schoolmaster in the Ministry!

A Megalomaniac.

We thought *we* took fairly large views of things—certainly big figures never frighten us. But we yield the palm to *Truth*, which tells us that the total money raised by new taxation during the war is "1,686,000 millions." Well may our brother say "these figures are an amazing proof of the financial strength of the country."

A "Spirit Message."

We don't often, in these days, hear of our old friend John Lobb—once of School Board and City Corporation fame, and now, at nearly eighty years of age, an ardent spiritualist. But he turned up the other day to give us this message—hot from the astral plane: "The Germans are trying to force a gun or explosives through a secret tunnel beneath Dover Castle." Now then, Sir Roger Keyes!

A Concession.

Here is an Order issued by Lt.-Col. Woodyatt, O.C. St. Luke's Hospital, Halifax, to Matrons of other military hospitals in the district:—"All Sick and Wounded Soldiers in St. Luke's Hospital and the Auxiliary Hospitals attached to the same, who wish to have their hair cut at their own expense, are requested to visit any barber in this district, any days, Saturdays excepted." What a concession!

Jellicoe.

One of our readers tells us that when, early in the war, an old Devonshire sailor saw the Admiral, he remarked—"Soon's iver I set eyes on un, I knowed Drake wer back." Well, let's have him back.

"£2,500 for 15s. 6d."

Our scheme for a War Savings Certificate Prize Club, as outlined last week, has fairly "caught on." Full particulars on application.

The Enemy Within.

Do you know that in the first three months *after the war*, we naturalised nearly a hundred Germans, and that amongst them were about fifty German seamen working on British ships? And you wonder that Lord Kitchener's boat was blown up! And there are still 13,000 alien enemies at large in Great Britain!

"Business Government."

We are supposed to be getting it, says the Prime Minister. Here is a specimen. It is a letter from the Ministry of Pensions and is dated 27th February, 1918, and says: "I am directed by the Minister of Pensions to inform you that your letter of the 1st January, 1917, has been forwarded to Superintendent Pensions Issue Officer, *who has been asked to give the necessary instructions for a reply to be sent.*"

"If You See It"!

A short time ago we mentioned that we had noticed a huge quantity of Yapp's Economy Campaign literature being removed from the Ministry of Food in a van bearing the name of the Darnley Mills Toilet Rolls. And now we have evidence direct from various railway station "toilettes," that the name on the van was no mere coincidence! Alas, poor Yapp—we knew him well. He was a fellow of infinite jest!

Insulting a Soldier.

As long ago as February last we addressed a "Candid Communication" to the Military Representative at Kidderminster, begging him to desist from asking for the withdrawal of exemption to T. G. Oliver, on the ground that he was not doing volunteer drills—the man, as a matter of fact, having been in the Army since the previous September. Would it be believed that, on April 8th, Captain R. S. Binton, "Officer Commanding Kidderminster Company, 1st Battalion Worcestershire Volunteer Regiment," sent to his home a threat of arrest for failing to put in drills?

"Our City Career."

In order that this little pamphlet may reach all our readers desirous of receiving it, we have arranged that copies may be sent to applicants post free, on receipt of name and address.

Charity.

We don't want to pass any judgment on a misguided man who took his life after he joined the Colours. We know he left a widow with seven children, whose ages range between eleven months and eleven years; that the poor woman has been informed she is not entitled to any pension, and that the Citizens' Committee have advised her to apply to the Poor Law Guardians. Surely it is possible to do something better for her than that!

Onions.

Play in three acts. Act 1: Sutton, in Surrey, Greengrocer's Shop (15th April). "Sorry, m'm, but we *have* no onions. Can't get any; not at present." (*Exeunt omnes.*) Act. 2: Covent Garden (16th April). Four huge wagons loaded with hundreds of crates of Food-controlled onions (weight about 10 tons), all gone to seed, on their way to the refuse destructor. Act 3: Public Hangman, looking for a job: "Where's that blooming rope?" (*Finale and curtain.*)

Shadows Before.

Coming events cast their shadows before. The Chairman of the Heston and Isleworth Tribunal says that if any men over 45 are brought before them he and the Clerk will resign. They won't be alone—at least they ought not to be. There are Clerks who, though under military age since the war cut its first teeth, have been exempted by their own Tribunal, with the Recruiting Officer lying low and saying nuffin'. We wait to see; but some things we don't expect to believe when we do see 'em.

The Word and the Bond.

Patriotism, however, silences many voices worth hearing nowadays; and though opinions may differ about the 51st Methuseliers, the Government obviously can't eat their cake and have it. To put it plainly, people whose earned incomes of hundreds a year are going to be compulsorily scrapped for 1s. 6d. a day in the Army have no money for war bonds, and certainly won't buy them if they have. The weekly figure already shows a slump of nearly £1,000,000. Willy-nilly, the 51st must take care of the pennies lest, when the time comes, they have nothing else to take care of.

A Real Conchy.

Not every conchy has the candour of a man who has been before the Devon Tribunal. He is the real invoiced goods, and no discount. "I think it would be a good thing," said he, "if Englishmen laid down their arms and let the Germans come here; it would stop the war." Vile is his name and vile is his nature; and, says the reporter, "the case was adjourned for Vile to find work of national importance." The foreman of the local refuse destructor ought to give him a job. He might fall in.

Missed Millions.

The farmers, who realise as much as any of the profiteers what a delightful war we are having, will hardly rub their eyes at having to pay something approaching their fair share of Income Tax at last, though they will make a noisy grouse about it. Perhaps before the war settles down to a really ripe old age, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have the courage to put the screw on the Co-operative Societies, which at present slink and twist out of the war as patriotic taxpayers. With all these millions at his finger ends, it is a national scandal that he should exempt them from Income Tax.

"Ivy Cream Sold Here."

Anything the matter with the Brighton Food Control? Or are they merely doing forty winks? British traders in that New Jerusalem have been forbidden to make or sell ice cream, but local Italians are still doing trade in it. One Italian, Signor Lancia, has received a special permit to carry on. Why?

"Paper Talk."

Public announcement has it that Messrs. Harrods are issuing "a splendidly produced and profusely-illustrated 50 page booklet of spring styles for ladies." Here is a whole nation of fried and unfried fish shops clamouring for paper and the Paper Controller cutting down supplies till there's not enough wrapping for a fourpenny kipper, and he allows this concern to appropriate goodness knows how many hundredweight of the precious commodity to advertise ladies fashions. Now then, Sir Richard Woodman Burbidge!

A Mocking Injustice.

When the Guardians of West Ham advertised for a Registrar of Births and Deaths, at about £200 a year, everybody was pleased that applications were invited from "discharged soldiers, sailors and others." But, alas, the "others" had it on the vote. Out of 71 applicants, 7 were voted on, and only one was a discharged, wounded soldier. He was speedily shelved, on the plea that he was not a local man! The person appointed was already a Registrar, an ex-Guardian, and police-court missionary. That delusive advertisement was but a mockery.

The Cut Unkind.

A man on a ship in the Grand Fleet feels like training his gun on the Lea Bridge Gas Co. "The official operating round the Walthamstow area," he says, "has politely informed my wife that because there was not a certain amount of money in the gas meter they thought about cutting the gas off. My wife works on munitions from 5 a.m. till 10.30 p.m.; does he think she is going to burn gas all day?" Don't know what he thinks; except that he only thinks of cutting it off. Perhaps he'll think again and keep it on. He is evidently light-headed.

"Wait and See."

One of the quickest concerns to take the collection and one of the slowest to pay its bills is the National Health Insurance. In one case we got of, the baby was born on 27th February. On the 29th the mother notified the Insurance Committee; on Good Friday, 29th March, she received a form to fill up. She returned it with her marriage certificate and other documents. On 6th April the Committee sent back her "Ring Paper" with compliments; and up to date these compliments are all she has received. And compliments won't pay the milk bill—not to mention the doctor or the pram.

Helping the Huns.

Edward Nobbs, High Street, Rickmansworth, is another baker fined for selling bread to German prisoners of war. Warned by the guard, he replied, "Very well; I won't serve them." After that caution and promise Nobbs deliberately sold six loaves to a prisoner. Knowing how our boys are treated in Germany it passes comprehension how a baker, for profit, can sell bread to Huns already blessed with too liberal a dietary, and thus helped to attempt to escape. We cannot guess the opinion of "Ricky" people about their baker, but we should prefer not to deal with a man who panders to such shady customers.

Luxuries.

When there is such a shortage of ships it is distinctly "off" to find in a sale catalogue of goods ex s.s. *Ango* and s.s. *Nyanza* page after page of face powders, lotions, perfumes, face creams, rouge, cosmetics and so on and so on and so on; such imports should be stopped. What's that? Yes, we *know*. But France won't mind.

At Battle.

An Australian soldier, on leave from France and not in the best of health, applied for an Emergency Food Ticket to the proper authority at Battle, in Sussex. The written reply was short and not sweet:—"You must come in and produce your Pass." As that means a walk of 13 miles, the soldier is wondering why the ticket could not have been posted to him, instead of that curt message from a Battle which is not the kind he is familiar with.

Fining the Good Samaritan.

Mr. Hobbs, a farmer, of Wellesbourne, Warwick, had soldiers billeted on him for land work, but no food was on the spot, and they would not work without it. So Mr. Hobbs, like a good man, had one of his own sheep killed. The local Food Officer, having nothing better to do, summoned the farmer for killing the sheep without authority. He was fined £1, the butcher who did the trick being mulct in 10s. If that is not senselessly punishing a man for a worthy act, *we* are several Dutchmen.

Grabbing Grocers.

Stiff fines have been inflicted at Stourbridge on several large grocers of Lye, for selling goods above Controlled prices. An interesting case was that against a firm, Moyle and Adams, and its manager, for excess prices charged for margarine, canned meat, and marmalade, over £123 being the total of fines and costs. One partner in this firm is a J.P.; another is described to us as a "Gospel grinder," and both those simple-minded gentlemen pleaded "they had no knowledge of excess profits being made." The poor souls pay for their ignorance.

Two Parsons.

We like the spirit of the Rev. John Robins, of Bunyan Church, Stevenage, who, as soon as the new Man Power Bill came in sight, informed his congregation that he would at once offer his services to the Government without waiting to be "called up." Contrast this attitude with that of the Rev. G. S. Sadler, of the neighbouring town of Letchworth, who immediately began to squeal about his "conscientious objection even to non-combatant service"—to serving as a "Padre" for instance, or aiding the Red Cross. The ministry of most churches is a queer medley of stalwart saints and spineless skunks.

A "Friendly Lead."

The Royal Liver Friendly Society intend to hold their annual meeting at Blackpool this year, when delegates from all parts of the country will attend. "Each has his railway fare paid, and in pre-war days an addition of £1 a day for expenses; it is more than this now. The meeting lasts seven or eight days." Think of the money wasted in such a state of things as two delegates travelling from Plymouth to Blackpool or Glasgow. It is respectfully requested that we try to persuade the R.L.F.S. to drop the meeting this year and put the estimated saving thereby into War Bonds instead. We *are* put on to some jobs!

The Repentance of Bute.

We are glad that Lord Bute has now granted right of access to the allotment holders, with unconditional permission for all kinds of cartage—so the building of a bridge will not be necessary. Further, he waived his objection to the huts and will make no claim to compensation. It's a pity this attitude was not adopted from the first.

Swank!

Exemption of three months was recently granted by the Penrith Tribunal to the Earl of Lonsdale's head coachman, a fit man of 38, because Lord Lonsdale, having to attend, in his capacity of Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland, certain public functions for the presentation of medals and decorations, "had been requested to do so with as much *éclat* as possible." But he could get all the needful "*éclat*" by employing a discharged man.

A German's Lights.

Magistrates at Warrington do not make the punishment fit the crime. Thomas McNicholas, a Scotsman, for not reducing a light on a night when there was a certain liveliness in the air, was fined 20s., and told he was "getting off luckily." Edmund Steinbichs, a German, for failing to shade or obscure lights on the same night was fined 10s., the Bench observing: "We cannot afford to be careless." But a German can afford to be "careless" at Warrington for half what it costs a Scot. And not a word said about *his* amazing luck.

A Battersea Case.

Father, aged 45, joined up voluntarily, and is still in France. He has a sick wife, four children under 14, and a son, just 18, who kept the home going, working as a baker's roundsman—the lad's eldest brother has been killed in action. Now that he has turned 18, the young fellow must go out to join father in the trenches. Yet all around his home are men who have slid into munitions since 1915. It is one more parody of justice.

Married Men First.

We should really like to know why the Chief Constable of Walsall is holding back two of his single bobbies from military service, and sending married men instead. The tale that one of the married men (who has a delicate wife, three dependent children, three brothers serving and one just joining up), didn't complain won't wash. Nor does the funny business about the single men being in the fire brigade and having to answer the fire bells sound right.

"Miss" and "Mass."

We are glad to hear that no one connected with the firm of J. and A. Ferguson, Ltd., of Glasgow, who were recently mulcted in damages for charging an excessive price for Nestlé's Milk, is in any way connected with the Glasgow Food Control Committee. Some misconception seems to have arisen owing to the fact that one of the partners in the firm is a Mr. Middlemass, the Executive Officer of the Food Control Committee being a Mr. Middlemiss.

A Promotion Puzzle.

The Rev. J. R. McLean, of Roath Park Presbyterian Church, Cardiff, only a few months ago gave up the pulpit, and is now a full-blown Colonel and Deputy Director-General of Recruiting at £1,000 a year. Of course he has seen no fighting! As a deadly parallel, consider the case of a Major, risen from the ranks, with 36 years' service, appointed a Recruiting Officer, but shelved for a younger man.

Eggs—asperating.

The East Anglican Institute of Agriculture, at Chelmsford, hands round leaflets advertising the "distribution of sittings of eggs of pure breeds of poultry to cottagers and smallholders" at 3s. 6d. per dozen, including cost of packing, and mentions the names of three farmers from whom the eggs can be had. When you apply you don't get any eggs at all, or else you are offered some at double the price. Who's working it?

Picnics for Prisoners.

Our Candid Communication to Sir George Cave brings a hint that the Home Office is not responsible for the picnic excursions of German officers on the East Coast. The Huns are "entirely under the control of the Military Authorities." To us, they seem almost outside it. Places visited by these enemy officers include Hadleigh, Thundersley, Hockley, Rochford, Prittlewell, Canewdon, and the River Crouch. Local magnates treat "prisoners" to special feeds, leaving the guard to chew their pipes. Scandalous!

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes, M.P., Director of National Service.

SIR,—Laurence Pakman, a neurasthenic, had been in the hands of a private doctor for four years. He was first of all graded Class C 1, and put into the Army while he was still in the jurisdiction of the Tribunal. Immediately after, he had to enter hospital. He never did a stroke of military work, and was discharged. He has been dragged up again and classed for general service. Your representative told the man's broken-hearted sister that it was not for her to dispute high medical authorities. Of course not. Nobody except parliamentary placemen and official puppets are entitled to dispute anything. JOHN BULL.

To Charles Bartlett, Esq., Chairman, Littlehampton Gas Company.

SIR,—I notice that at the last meeting of your Gas Company, which is not exactly a mammoth enterprise, you were able to show a balance available for distribution of £2,469, and to announce dividends of 9½, 6½, and 4½ per cent. on your various classes of shares. This looks healthy enough, and it is admitted that your profits are growing; but when it is a question of the price to consumers, you have a different tale to tell. "In consequence of the greatly increased cost of coal and other materials . . . the Directors . . . are reluctantly compelled to advance the price of gas by 6d. per thousand cubic feet." Nicely put; but it won't wash, my dear sir. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Louis Botha, Prime Minister, South Africa.

DEAR GENERAL BOTHA,—In view of General Van Deventer's Report on German atrocities in East Africa, including the battering to death of wounded prisoners, and the stripping of women in sight of natives, earlier tales of horror are surpassed. What steps are you taking to punish the authors of these foul crimes, and to publish their infamy? JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. S. Maurice Watts, Minister, Whitefield's Tabernacle, London.

DEAR SIR,—It is surely no spectacle for humanity bleeding to death and a freedom fighting to live, that our young men of 26 should be sermonising while our lads of 18 are dying in the trenches, and their grandfathers are awaiting the call to follow them. The people are weary of the "message of the Church." It is the march of the Church they want to see—the march to the Front. For mere preaching at the back, however fervid, I do assure you they have no ears. The voice rings hollow and the message is in vain. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Wm. Bloomfield, North Bar Street, Beverley, Yorks.

DEAR BUNKUM MERCHANT,—I am getting rather tired of your varied commercial escapades. Recently you have been advertising "Free Seed Samples" in return for stamps, though you had none left for distribution. I would advise you to take the fine of £15, inflicted upon you the other day for infringing the Paper Restrictions Order by sending out turf tipster circulars, in the light of a serious warning. That there are still a good many gudgeon floating around is only too painfully evident, but one of these days, if you aren't careful, you'll catch yourself on your own hook. JOHN BULL.

To George Wilson, Esq., Chairman of the Northern Co-operative Society, Aberdeen.

DEAR SIR,—You seemed disinclined to tell your shareholders why the manager of your butchery department is allowed to accept, in addition, a Government job which takes up the major part of his time. This man has had his salary raised recently by you from £275 to £300, and now he gets another £300 on top of it. You ought not to overwork the poor man so, you know—especially when there are so many qualified men about whom the Government organisation of the meat trade has left idle. Why *do* you do it? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Newton, Foreign Office.

DEAR LORD NEWTON,—You are entitled to credit for your official intervention on behalf of our gallant and long-suffering prisoners-of-war in Germany; but I have lately been permitted to see some of the letters from our brave fellows in Turkey, and it needs very little reading between the lines to call up a distressing picture of their fate. I, therefore, applaud your activity in conjunction with the Neutral authorities, to ameliorate their sad lot. JOHN BULL.

R. Ogle, Esq., Chief Constable, Gateshead.

DEAR SIR,—What sort of officials have you on your Watch Committee? It took them all the time up to the 3rd of April to discover that since 1st October last year they have been paying too much to the wife of a policeman serving in the Army. In one case the excess comes to £19 14s. 10d. You are going to stop 5s. a week, and pay the woman the balance of 2s. 1d. less superannuation allowance. How much will that come to? And the woman has to submit for another year and a half! Why not make the Watch Committee pay? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. R. E. Prothero, M.P., Minister of Agriculture.

MY DEAR PROTHERO,—The patriotic potato—the backbone of the nation—is now working its own way in life. The crimson carrot—but yesterday introduced to the community by the Board of Inventions as equal, if I rightly remember, to 2 cod steaks, 1 slab of finnan haddock, ½ a Jamaica banana, four large currants, and 6 months' complete interest on a War Savings certificate—now wears its blushing honours thick upon it in the gardens of the blest, and attention is officially drawn to the food value of parsnips, "which exceeds that of any other vegetable except potatoes." I am proceeding, therefore, to fight the Germhun U-boats with parsnips. And may heaven defend the right! JOHN BULL.

THE BLOODIEST BATTLE IN HISTORY.

THE FREEDOM OF THE WORLD DEPENDENT ON BRITISH VALOUR—THE GERMAN DREAM.

By A. G. Hales.

I spent five months and two days on the Italian war front, and came home *via* France, pausing just long enough to gather some particulars of the mammoth struggle now being waged between our heroic Army and the Hunnish host. The situation is grave, and only a fool will deny it. Yet from all that I have seen and gleaned, I am as sure that ultimate victory will rest with us as I am that dawn will follow darkness. On my way to the Italian front, I stayed awhile in France and wrote to this journal concerning the soul of France, and proclaimed unhesitatingly that our brave Ally would fight in the struggle that was then threatening as she had never fought in all her history, great and gallant as that history had been. You well know now how true that prophecy was—for the deeds of France are written in blood in imperishable characters on the records of fame.

A Forecast of German Strategy.

I do not believe the German High Command hopes to break through our lines and drive our Army like a rabble to the coast. They have too often sampled the mettle of our men to hope for a great débâcle; they know that with us a retreat does not mean a rout. They are well aware that there is no weak spot in us anywhere; our troops may be forced back by the volume of overwhelming numbers, but there is not a solitary division or brigade that cannot be relied upon to turn and fight to the death. It does not matter where they come from—England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Anzac-land, Canada or South Africa—every bit of stuff we have in the fighting front is sound metal. A more steadfast army never took the field in all the world's history; and, menacing as the outlook is, I trust to that stern, unyielding steadfastness to pull us through. The closer we are forced to the coast, the more it must and will become a "soldier's battle"—and the more it develops in that direction, the better our chances. I am positive our men are better fighters and better stayers. In the first rush of the present attack the German Staff work must have been well-nigh perfect; for the handling of their masses on a fifty mile front was more a triumph of Staff work than anything they have displayed during the whole course of the war. Such men are not likely to make the mistake of thinking they can beat our Army until it becomes a disorganised mob and an easy prey.

The German Dream.

It is the hope of the enemy that by constant pressure they may separate us from the French, and by keeping up the pressure, force us near the coast and then I believe they would dig themselves in and isolate us from the armies of France. They know that our fleet will be behind our army, ready to join in the terrific contest should they try to burst through to the sea—and whilst our fleet is in being the coast is untenable for them. Their navy may come out and risk a decisive engagement, in order to help their army. If so, it will in truth be a death-grip; but the very worst that I can foresee is the pinning of our army to the coast-line. That is bad enough—for it would mean the separating of the armies of France, Britain and America, for it would be madness to land an American army where its usefulness would be cramped. But we are not driven to the coast yet, and British pluck may turn the tide of battle and roll the great German army inland again, as it has done before—for never since man first saw the light have soldiers fought more grimly than our lads are fighting.

The Italian War Machine.

The world has not done Italy justice in regard to the part she has played in the war. I have seen the country Italian troops have had to fight in; I have seen them fight, and I know that the best troops are eager to come to the Western front to stand alongside our men and our Allies'. Italy is revivified; the army is in good heart again. They may be raw to western methods, but they will soon shake down into their places. They are strong as steers and swift as a hurricane in attacks, and as attacking forces I believe they will hold their own with any soldiers living. But they *must* have officers who understand the Italian temperament. The value of this attacking quality cannot be overestimated, for sooner or later, round Amiens or near the coast, our turn will come to take the perpetually offensive, and then the men of Italy will prove a tremendous asset. That the venue of battle will change before the war is won I feel assured, and I think that Italy may yet, for a time, be the cock-pit of Europe. There, later in the struggle, American millions may find scope for their energies, whilst we hold the Western front. In the meantime, all we have to do is to keep our old faith in ourselves and leave nothing to chance. The days for "muddling through" are past. In Venice I saw an old proclamation, issued in time of national peril, calling on all men between the ages of *sixteen and sixty* to volunteer to fight for the homeland, and they came and fought. Are we a lesser breed than the Venetians at their very best—great as their best was?

HOUNDING DOWN THE POOR.

OFFICIALDOM PUTS POSER TO A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

She is a soldier's wife. That seems nowadays almost a passport to ill-treatment. She has seven children and is expecting another. Here is a woman whom officials will obviously take a pleasure in hounding down. Mrs. E. Moore lives at Wickford, in Essex, and she has a hard time to make both ends meet. It's bad enough to get food for the children, and some of them are sickly for the want of it, though she often starves herself for their sake. As for shoe-leather, new boots are out of the question, and so the poor little things get chronic colds. The other day the weather was very bad—rain pouring down, and all the ways underfoot were sloppy; and so, when the children came to kiss her and start off for school, she held five of the weaker of them back. They were all suffering from bad colds, and two from other complaints as well. To have gone out in such weather and in such boots would have been plain murder. The loving mother couldn't let them go.

But officials are not humane, and so Mrs. Moore received five summonses, one for each child, under the School Attendance Act. She appeared and stated her pitiful case—to deaf ears. She had broken the regulations. The children might die, or they might not die, but they *must* not miss their schooling. Mrs. Moore was fined £2 5s. 0d. and given till the 1st of May to pay. Of course, she cannot pay. If she could, she would have bought a pair or two of war-time boots. As well have asked her to pay a million pounds. Will they send her to prison or distrain on her little home? And when next the weather is very bad, must she send her poor children to school in their leaky boots, or risk another cruel penalty? But what *does* it matter? Moore is far away, fighting, and the woman can't hit back. Thank God, there is our "Greatest of These——" Fund, so she shall not lose her few household goods.

WHAT'S THE GAME?

GALLERY TRUSTEES' UNFAIR PREFERENCE.

The Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have a scheme on hand for "commemorating by a series of permanent photographs, to be deposited in special portfolios in the Reference Library of the Gallery, the features of all distinguished living contemporaries of British nationality, their ostensible purpose being to give prominence to Heroes of the War"; but we cannot compliment them upon their method of handling the job. In the first place, it has been stipulated—the reasons for this extraordinary decision have never been satisfactorily stated—that all portraits to be included in the collection shall be the work of a single firm, Messrs. J. Russell and Sons, of Baker Street, W.

This is, doubtless a most excellent advertisement for Messrs. Russell, but it is manifestly unjust to their business competitors. A single illustration will show the absurdity of the arrangement. A distinguished soldier, approached with a view to the inclusion of his portrait, referred the Trustees to a Bond Street studio. In reply, he received a letter, not from the Gallery authorities, but from Messrs. Russell themselves, stating that they were desired by the Director of the National Portrait Gallery to state that only their own photographs were included in the record. Apart from its essential unfairness, this one-eyed arrangement must so narrow the range of selection as largely to destroy the value of the proposed record, and the matter is one upon which the public are entitled to a more satisfactory explanation than has yet been given. There must be many "distinguished living contemporaries," especially military and naval heroes, who are far too busy just now to give a special sitting to a selected firm of photographers, and we are advised that there is no technical reason why such portraits as they may have on hand should not be adapted to the purpose. What's the game?

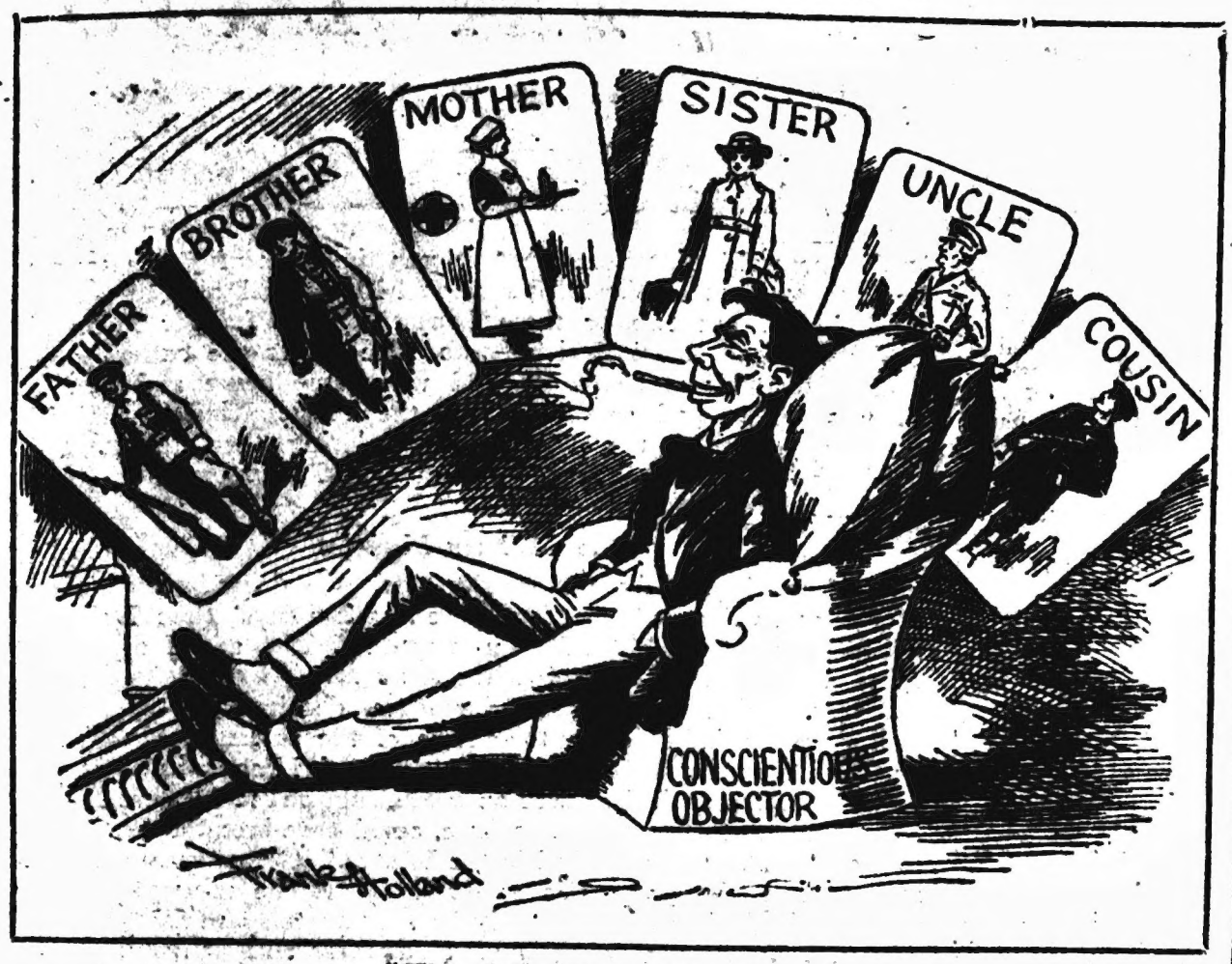
MUSIC MASHED.

SLIPPERY PROCEEDINGS OF A PUBLISHING FIRM.

An Irishwoman with a very great tendency to poetry sends us particulars of her dealings with Messrs. Kibble and Company, a firm of Music Publishers, at 18, Berners Street, W., with whom our readers have already some acquaintance. Anxious to have some of her lyrics set to music, our informant agreed to pay Messrs. Kibble £8 4s. 6d. by instalments, the firm undertaking to get her work published and advertised, and to allow her a royalty of 3d. on every song copy sold. In pursuance of this agreement, our friend had paid £7 10s., and was ready to discharge the balance of her liability, when she was informed that owing to labour difficulties and the illness of the proprietor, the completion of the contract must be postponed. Finally, the disappointed composer was favoured with a letter signed "Kibble and Company," but apparently from a new Director—a Mr. W. Minter, formerly Mainzer—"born Hessovian of French parentage"—who stated that he had "taken over the business without the liabilities" of the former owner. "I am prepared," wrote this engaging gentleman, "to bear half your loss of the amount you have contributed towards the publication of your MS., and if you will kindly forward to me the other half I will take full responsibility for carrying out the contract of the late firm."

This was bad enough, but it appears that to the evasion of their responsibility, Messrs. Kibble and Company—whoever they may be for the moment—have added the enormity of declining to surrender the copyright of the neglected MS., to which they have no shadow of legal claim. Unless this fact is instantly recognised and acted upon by the Berners Street firm, we shall be compelled to offer certain advice to the composer. Meanwhile the incident may serve as a further warning to poets who might otherwise be tempted to entrust their virgin compositions to Kibbles' slippery hands.

AN "OBJECT" LESSON.



"This little pig stayed at home."

OVIATION *versus* AVIATION.

BEDLAM LET LOOSE ON A POULTRY FARM.

There is a food shortage, and the Government implores all farmers of every description to put their backs into their work. Only, unfortunately, the Government's right hand doesn't know what its left hand doeth. And so, while Miss R. Badcock was gaining prizes for her poultry and the commendation of the Food authorities, the Air Department was preparing to lay hands upon her farm at Shawlands, Lingfield, Surrey. For a time she had excellent results, exhibiting many of her birds, and her Manager was sought after to address meetings on the food question. Then when everything was in train the Manager died, and Miss Badcock kept his widow on in his stead, but after this things went badly, and Miss Badcock was forced to the conclusion that the farm would have to be sold. The stock was got rid of, and a sale of land and premises was almost effected when the blow fell. In August, 1916, the authorities announced that they wanted 60 acres of middle land at the preposterous rental of £18 a year for the 60 acres. The ground was to be used as an aviation night landing-place. Of course, it never was so used.

The place was ravaged and sacked. There were five fields in the sixty acres—all the hedges and gates were destroyed; the ditches were all filled in; the oak-trees cut down. Altogether, the Government has been in occupancy for 19 months, has done about £1,800 of damage, and now offers the poor woman £115 compensation. The Government employees have, too, rendered access to the remaining forty acres impossible, and so stopped all work there. Also, a valuable pedigree hackney mare was frightened and spiked by the stupidity of an officer; the Government says the officer is to blame and the officer says he can't stump up—so there you are! In sheer wantonness of spirit the authorities have ruined this poor woman, and now refuse to do anything for her—even to the extent of giving her a guarantee at a Bank. We wonder, has anybody told Lord Rothermere? And is that why he's resigned?

"IT'S YOUR MONEY WE WANT."

TREASURY BLEEDING OF DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

Since we published our strong protest against the iniquitous bleeding of poor discharged soldiers by the British Treasury, we have received further letters on the subject. We instance another case—that of a man who fought the Boers. He lives at Wantage, in Berkshire, and has a pension of 10s. 6d. a week as *solatium* for having his right leg amputated at the knee, the result of a shot-wound received in South Africa. His wages are such that, without his pension and with rebate for children, he is exempt from income tax, but the pension brings his meagre income to the assessment limit. When first he received the income tax form to fill, he omitted to disclose the pension; it was quickly returned to him, with the demand that he should include it, under penalty of proceedings.

As the Government have treated this victim of the Boer, so are they treating the victim of the Hun. To one of them they have doled out a Scrooge pension of £27 10s. a year with one hand, and with the other they plunder him of £2 10s. because, not being able to exist on the money, he manages to earn by his difficult and doubtless toilsome labour just about enough income in addition to keep him out of the cemetery, or at any rate out of the workhouse. We have described this as an iniquity. The Chancellor of the Exchequer may not like the word; the majority of British people will probably think it understates, rather than overstates, the essential character of this wicked impost. Not without good reason it may be urged that there must be some limit, or ex-Lord Chancellors, ex-judges, ex-civil servants, and out-of-work political Obadiahs will clamour to have their fat pensions free of income tax also. It is the poor discharged soldier-pensioner we are pleading for, and in our view no military pension of £1 and under ought to be brought into income tax return at all. The country would hardly miss the money; it may even be questioned whether the Government would have any the less to waste.

THE SILENT PEOPLE.

The Silent People of No Man's Land
  Stark they lie,
With a stare and a secret smile
  At the empty sky.
Over them sweeps the battle,
  And stirs them not,
Armies tramp past and spurn them;
  They are forgot.

Calmly the earth deals with them,
  Melts them away.
Nothing is left of them now but bones—
  Bones and clay.
Bones of the Valley of Judgment,
  Bones picked clean!
Day in, day out, we fight, and the others,
  With *this* between.

Dawn comes white, and finds them
  Stark and cold.
Twilight creeps over, and cloaks them,
  Fold on fold.
Night cannot hide them from us;
  In the dark we see
The Silent People of No Man's Land
  Who once were we.

The Silent People of No Man's Land
  They rise, they rise,
With the glory of utter loss
  In their star-shine eyes:
Beckoning, beckoning, calling,
  Pointing the way . . . .
But the dawn comes white, and finds them
  Bones—and clay.

The Silent People of No Man's Land
  Stark they lie,
Bones, broken and bleached,
  Under the sky.
Over them sweeps the battle,
  And stirs them not.
We tramp over, and spurn them,
  They are forgot.

Forgotten? Not while a soldier
  Of England lives!
Forgotten? Not while a mother knows
  The gift she gives!
They fought, they died, they have vanished,
  Yet, till our day is done,
The Silent People of No Man's Land
  Shall lead us on.

Winds of the world, blow o'er them
  Your serenade;
Touch like a lute the broken earth
  Where our dead are laid!
Broken bones of the martyrs,
  Reliques of pain,
Anoint them, anoint them with sunlight,
  Robe them in rain!

—JOHN FLINT.

SENT TO HER FATE.

VESSEL THAT OUGHT NOT TO HAVE BEEN LOST.

An American vessel, bound for a French port, was forced to cruise round in the Channel, and ultimately ordered into Penzance. Next evening she sailed for France, but never got there. It is stated that a submarine had been sighted in the morning, and the crew declare that their captain called them on deck almost immediately after sailing, and said, "We are going to get it this trip." He gave orders that no man was to undress, and to that order is ascribed the fact that no lives were lost. The ship, the biggest of a small convoy, had to go at slow speed to accommodate her pace to that of the other vessels, and she was, to nobody's astonishment, torpedoed when 28 miles out. She floated for an hour and forty minutes, but no destroyers answered her S.O.S., and a second hit sank her. Two points of complaint are that it was foolish to send so large a ship with so small a convoy, and that there was unreason in compelling her to lie 24 hours in harbour, for if she had sailed in daylight she could have safely got to France. As it was, she was sent to her fate with open eyes.

WHY LLOYD GE

Impending Collapse of Parliamentary Governme

By TH. DI

NEVER have I taken up my pen with a graver sense of responsibility. And never have I *spoken* with a graver sense of responsibility than I have done to-day, Saturday, at the great Albert Hall gathering from which I have just returned. My heart is heavy within me, but my soul is aflame. Realising more fully than ever I have done before the unique power with which, through this journal, and the *Sunday Pictorial*—and on the platform—I have been invested, and recognising the trust and confidence which, with all my faults, a generous people are to-day reposing in me, I am constrained to search my conscience very deeply before speaking as I have done, and writing as I am about to do. And I protest before whatever God there be, that I speak and write in a spirit of deep sincerity—of unswerving loyalty to my King, of undying devotion to my country, and of everlasting love for those of my countrymen and countrywomen who have suffered, and are suffering—fighting, working, falling, dying—that the British Empire, and all which it connotes, may still endure. Wherefore, reader, whoever you be, listen to what I tell you. We—you, I, all of us—are to-day in deadliest peril. Our lives, our homes, all that we hold dear, are in danger. The brutal, bestial Powers of Central Europe are threatening to overrun the world. They are the Powers of the Devil, and are challenging the majesty of God—by Whose will, apparently, the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin races are to justify themselves—even in this era of human evolution—by turning upon the Devil the power of his own weapons, Fire and Sword—Death, Desolation and Destruction. And I want you to say with me—"So be it; Thy will be done." *And then it will be done.*

A Ghastly Retrospect.

Let me give you, as I have just given to the meeting, a bird's-eye view of the situation. We have been at war more than three years and a half. It has cost us six thousand millions of money; more than a quarter of million lives; a million and a half of wounded men; we have increased our Army from two hundred and fifty thousand to seven millions; France, Italy, Japan, and now America are with us; Russia was with us for over two years, and so were Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro; Portugal and China are on our side; all our Dominions and Colonies have helped splendidly; nearly the whole of our manufacturing industries have been transformed for munition production; our Navy for all practical purposes is still unscathed—*and we are to-day in a worse position in the war than we were three and a half years ago.* Now whose fault is it? God knows it is not that of either the soldiers or the sailors. Heaven, how they have fought—what supermen they have proved to be! and speaking generally, you cannot say that it is the fault of the officers—notwithstanding that some of them have been revealed as dismal duds. I refer, of course, to the Society Soldiers and the decayed Dug-Outs. Certainly no word of derision of the Boy Officer—God bless him!—will ever pass my lips. But when all is said on that head, we come right up against the grim and ghastly fact that we have been failed by the Politician. How I recall those glib assurances of these men when dear old "Bobs" and others were warning us of the peril! How I recall the tragedy of the ceding of Heligoland to Germany—in exchange for Zanzibar! And there we sat—or rather *they*, the politicians, sat—like blind fools, whilst Germany proceeded to fortify the great rock island, and, protected by it, to deepen and widen the Kiel Canal—the completion of which engineering feat the British Fleet went over to help to celebrate, handing over the temporary command of our latest type of battleship to the Kaiser—who was strutting up and down the deck when the news arrived of the well-timed and artfully prepared murder of the Austrian Archduke! In the name of God, all this is bad enough, but reflect what has happened since. Ignoring the lesson of Heligoland, we have again sat quiet while two coast watering places—Ostend and Zeebrugge—have been converted, under our very eyes, into naval and submarine bases! True, once upon a time we had a Sea Lord who saw the game, and set to work to frustrate it, by shelling and bombarding the Works from our monitor guns. His name was "Jack Fisher"—and, of course, he soon went. And then, when the mischief was done, and the enemy engaged in occasional Tip and Run raids upon our coast, a complacent Minister held up his snowy white hands and said: "These things can't be prevented." You might just as well say that you *must* submit to be stung by wasps in the summer, when all the time you know the whereabouts of the nest, and could destroy it with a can of paraffin! Then take the case of Russia. When the trouble arose, instead of realising what every level-headed man of business saw, that it was the work of Germany, we had a torrent of tosh about International Ideals, and all the rest of it—and sent out two or three honest, simple Labour M.P.s to confer with the Revolutionists—who were either the conscious or unconscious tools of Germany—and who came home and told us all was well! And so fooled was the Prime Minister that he actually welcomed the Revolution—declaring that it meant a quicker and a "better" Peace—and canonised Kerensky as a second St. Just! God help us!

The Military Muddle.

And now look at the military situation. Goodness knows it's bad enough as I write, and what it may be in a few days' time I should not like to predict. Well, I mean to speak plainly, and I say this: *If it had not been for the politicians, we should have won the war last year.* Blind to the Russian menace, deceived by the Italian demonstration, indifferent to the advice of the soldiers, we frittered away our resources in Salonica, Palestine and Mesopotamia, at the very time when we had secured an ascendancy on the Western Front, and, by concentrating our forces there, could have brought the enemy to the ground. Once crushed in the West, all Germany would have realised that the game was up—and whilst the struggle was in progress the Kaiser would have had no troops to spare for the East. *That was the view of Haig, and it was the view of Sir William Robertson.* But what happened? Just when Haig was ready to strike, we withdrew some of his best Divisions for the Italian Front; and when Robertson, who always saw that the Western theatre was the decisive battle-ground, asked for half a million more men—over a year ago—the Government gave us Neville Chamberlain and his Civilian Recruiting scheme! Just as to-day, in this time of peril, it gives us Austen of that ilk! You see, Birmingham is a big political centre—and Birmingham must be made "safe" for the next election! I confess that I find it difficult to write with calmness of these things. *The Politicians have sold the Pass.* I don't charge them with corruption, or with German sympathies—although a French ex-Premier *is* in gaol, awaiting trial; but I do charge them with crass and criminal ineptitude—the result, as I will proceed to show, being that ere long the whole fabric of parliamentary government will crash to pieces, and that Lloyd George and all the rest of them will disappear from the scene. To put it plainly, they are not equal to the job. Of course it may be that our present political system does not offer any alternative Government. It may be that we have reached the end of our political tether and that the resources of British statesmanship, like those of Man-Power, are exhausted. It would almost seem so. Home Rule, House of Lords Reform, Parliamentary Franchise—what do you think of it, with the enemy at the gate? *And many of him within it.*

The Shame of Ireland.

What is happening in Ireland to-day is also another distressing proof of the failure of our statesmen, and grieved as I am to be compelled to make the statement, it also marks the renewed aggression of the Church of Rome in the realms of politics. It is a pitiable thing to see the solemn and beautiful ritual of the Mass used as a preliminary, throughout the churches of Ireland, to rebellion against the temporal power. Disguise the truth as you may, that is the meaning. The priests of Ireland not only countenance but are leading a movement which is deliberately meant to weaken the wonderful army that at this very hour is at death-grips with the foe on the corpse-strewn fields of Flanders. No one could ever accuse me of religious intolerance. I honour the faith of my Roman Catholic friends. I have been moved to the very soul by the compelling ritual and the spiritual power of worship in many a Roman Catholic church, and, just as we are fighting for the freedom of men, so we are fighting for freedom of thought and worship. But the Church of Rome has embarked upon a course of which no one can foretell the end. She has grasped a two-edged sword. By using all her power to induce

ORGE WILL GO.

—Ireland the Destroyer—Lords and Commons.

DITOR.

the manhood of Ireland to refuse to take up arms for the liberty of the world she is risking her own liberty. The challenge she has thrown down may yet be taken up by those who have never wished her well; and to a conflict of arms which to-day has embittered mankind may be added a religious struggle such as has in the past disgraced the pages of history and brought shame and discredit to those who profess and call themselves Christians. The Empire is in dire danger. Ireland, more prosperous, and at heart more contented, than at any time for a century, is asked to bear her share in maintaining the honour and security of that Empire. Thousands of her bravest sons already lie prone in death—they have played their splendid part in upholding the fame of the country they loved. And now, when the need is more insistent than ever, when the German tyrant would seek to plant his foot on the neck of Freedom, Ireland through her politicians and her priests is spoiling for revolution. While England, Scotland and Wales are bled white, she stands arrayed in deadly opposition, denying to the fighting forces a single man of the thousands of specimens of lusty manhood living in the security which military might alone can give and guarantee. I am ready to admit that Ireland has historic grievances—that she has a right, when the German menace has disappeared and Peace once more enfolds the world under her beneficent wings, to see these grievances finally removed. But to-day she has no right to stand aside in sullen indifference, or to range herself in hostile array against the rest of the Empire. Nor, I repeat, have the priests of Ireland the sanction of either Religion or Law to foment trouble and come between the citizen and the duties that citizenship involves. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." The Great Founder of the Faith their Church lives to maintain never countenanced hostility to the State. He recognised the claims of Government to the loyalty and confidence, the willing service—yea, and sacrifice—of the governed. There is a limit to religious tolerance. And, as a sincere friend and admirer of all that is best in the Church of Rome, I warn the Vatican that by its action throughout this war it is antagonising many and sowing the seeds of imminent trouble. If the Anglican Church, or the Church of Nonconformity, dared to-day to assume the truculent attitude the priests of Ireland are taking up, I would equally denounce them. If ever there was a war in which the things that are God's are fighting against the Powers of Evil, this is that war—and yet we find the representatives of the oldest Christian faith aiding and abetting the enemy by denying to our fighting forces the aid and succour for which they are crying from the trenches.

The Chancellor's Manual.

Look at the Budget. When *are* we to get a little fresh view, a little financial imagination, into the National Balance Sheet? Income Tax, Beer, Whisky—that about exhausts the official vision. And when any departure is attempted, it is usually at the wrong end of the stick. Here is an apt illustration. The stamp duty on cheques is to be doubled, but the receipt stamp remains the same. In other words, when you *pay* an account, you are to be charged extra for doing so—but when you *receive* payment of an account, you are not. Why, a graduated receipt stamp, beginning with a halfpenny on sums from 10s. to a pound, and a penny in the pound afterwards, would yield a hundred millions a year—and nobody would feel it. Then there are Advertisements and Share Certificates and Premium Bonds—and Unclaimed Bank Balances and Securities. The last two items alone would go very far to finance the war—but there are the goody-goodies on the one hand, and the Bankers on the other; and the Chancellor is afraid of them. The former, he knows, have Votes—the Be-all and End-all of the Politician—and the latter, he thinks, have money; but it is the money of the public, and not their own—except, of course, the stolen millions to which I have referred. It is high time that this fetish of Banker-worship were abolished. The average Banker is simply a glorified Pawnbroker—with no more initiative or knowledge in finance than has the War Cabinet in war. The last Loan, by the way, was issued at five per cent. against the unanimous advice of the Banking experts! The truth is that the ordinary political Chancellor of the Exchequer, relying for his inspiration upon the young men and the old women at the Treasury, hasn't the remotest notion of the financial resources of the country. I can remember how, twenty years ago, nearly every one of our "statesmen" warned us that a hundred million Budget would spell national bankruptcy. And now, apart from Loans, we are raising—by taxation—nearly nine hundred millions a year; whilst, since the war began, *new* taxation has yielded nearly two thousand millions; and on the top of it we have raised between three and four thousand millions by Loan. And, like Charley's Aunt, we are still running! Then there is the ridiculous abuse of the Excess Profits Tax. Originally intended, and rightly intended, to prohibit contractors from fleecing the public in war work—it is now applied to every kind of business, even if started since the war, with the result that enterprise is being brought to a standstill. I assert, with full deliberation, that the Government could get all the money needed without interfering with the normal course of trade and commerce and driving industries out of the country. But it has now entered into an unholy alliance with the Drink Trade (in the name of Temperance) and, in collusion with the Brewers and Distillers, is fleecing the working men—and poisoning them at the same time. I am told that at most breweries and distilleries you now find on the wall of the manager's office the motto, "God Bless Lloyd George." Wily Welshman!

The Coming Crash.

I have said that Lloyd George is going—and he is going soon. There is a point beyond which the politician cannot advance. He depends for his support on the House of Commons, and the Prime Minister has thrown down a challenge which must be taken up. Look at the position. Dare I speak plainly on another matter? America, with, I am sure, the best intentions towards us, has not shown that "hustle" which we rather looked forward to—so that instead of having sent us at least a million trained men, and thousands of aeroplanes, for the West, we must wait a little longer before we shall receive the full benefit of her co-operation. In these circumstances the Prime Minister has been placed in a position of great difficulty, and, being a Politician, he has been compelled to resort to the methods of the Politician. He knows that so far as our fighting manhood is concerned, the only untapped reservoirs to-day are in the Government offices, the engineering works, and Ireland. And with a view to shaming all the eligible men out of their funk-holes, he pretends to conscript our uncles and grandfathers, and Ireland. And in order to placate Ireland, he is obliged to violate the pledge that during the war no Home Rule Parliament shall be set up, and, whilst protesting that the two things are quite distinct, rush through a new Home Rule Bill, in the hope that it may win over the Nationalists to Military Service. And therein will lie his downfall. The Nationalists *dare* not accept conscription—and they are compelled to join forces with the Sinn Feiners in resisting it. And as the Government dare not introduce a measure leaving the question of military service to an Irish Parliament, Mr. Dillon and his friends will take no interest in the new Bill, and won't even trouble to attend at Westminster during its discussion. On the other hand, the Ulster men will say—and rightly say—that its introduction is a violation of the solemn pledge that Home Rule should stand over till after the war—on the faith of which pledge Ulster has given the blood of its best to the cause of the Allies. Then, despite this protest, the Bill will go to the Lords—and they will, quite naturally, say that they decline to support a Bill for Ireland which the Nationalists treat with contempt and the Unionists oppose. They will point out that one Home Rule Act is already on the Statute Book—its operation suspended for the duration of the war—and that as the very object of the Parliament Act was to allow time for consideration, they will avail themselves of its provisions, and send the Bill back to the Commons. *And then Lloyd George will resign.* And in turn will come down the whole parliamentary machine; and then we shall have seriously to consider what is to be set up in its place. Meantime, thank God! we still have our Navy and, as we have just shown, the Nelson spirit, to come to the aid of the heroes of the field. So thumbs up! Britons never, never shall be slaves!

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

CARDINAL BOURNE.

Good mornin' sir . . . *Can I give you a shave?* Well, not exactly, sir; but I can sell you one. Not bein' employed in munitions, I'm not givin' anythink away in these 'ard times . . . . Take this chair, if you please, sir. You speak remarkable good English for a foreigner, if you'll allow me to say so . . . You ain't a foreigner? . . . You're as English as wot I am. Then I begs yer pardon, I'm shore. But I thought from the cut of yore clobber you was one o' these 'ere 'eroic French or Belgium priests wot 'ave bin fightin' in the ranks to 'elp wallop the dirty 'Un . . . Ho! you're *a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church*, are you? Well, I'm very pleased you've called. I'll tell yer w'y. I was readin' the *Times* the other mornin', one o' my reg'lars 'avin' left 'is copy, and me eye dropped on a statement made to that paper by Cardinal Bourne—wot's up, sir? I didn't nick yer, did I? . . . *Thet's* orl right—you know, sir, the Roman Catholic Archbishop o' Westminster. 'E dealt with the Man Power Act from the Roman Catholic Church point o' view, an' 'e 'ad a puffic right to, to my mind. But in the course of 'is remarks 'e mentioned the argyment put forward by some people thet the parson an' the priest oughter take their place in the ranks like any other able-bodied men, and do their bit of 'Un-killin'. 'E didn't agree with thet, and 'e 'as a right to 'is opinion; but w'ere, to my mind, 'e went too far was w'en 'e let loose some narsty dispafagin' remarks about the French. 'E sed: "Frawnce alone among the belligerent nations, impelled by anti-Christian principles and the hatred of religion, 'as violated the tradition of centuries. . . . The example of the anti-Christian Government of Frawnce is not one to set before the people of Christian England." Now, wot bizniss 'ad 'e to try an' make out that the French are less a Christian people then wot we are? I reckon it's a disgraceful bit o' narsty religious spite to insult our gallant Allies like that. Can you tell me wot's a more Christian thing anybody kin do nowadays then to kill orf Germans, the dirty virmin of the 'uman race? Wot's 'is ground fur sayin' Frawnce is anti-Christian? True, the French disestablished the Roman Catholic Church in Frawnce an' closed the nunneries an' monkeries. But the French ain't none the less *Christian* on thet account, I might tell yer. The churches there are still well patronised, an' any amount o' candles can be seen any day burnin' in front of the shrines an' things. I reckon the French 'ave proved theirselves Christians to the backbone. They are resistin' evil, ain't they? They are fightin' an' bleedin' an' dyin' fur 'umanity, ain't they? Not on'y fur themselves. They are givin' their lives fur others—and ain't we told thet is the greatest thing a man kin do? And yet this 'ere Cardinal goes out of 'is way to chuck insults at a nation of 'eroes an' call 'em "'aters of religion." 'E carn't know Frawnce an' the French. W'y, even I, wot's on'y bin to Dieppe an' Rouen fur a week at a time, knows better then thet . . . *If thet's 'is opinion of the French 'e 'as a right to express it?* Not at a time like this, 'e 'asn't. 'Is remawks are calculated to cause a narsty feelin' between Britain an' Frawnce, and 'e's give the 'Uns a 'andle to spread more o' their dirty lies about the French. . . . If you 'appen to know Cardinal Bourne you kin tell 'im wot I think of 'im. I won't say nothink about the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland resistin' Conscription fur Ireland. I'm afraid to begin. I might lose 'old on meself. . . . There you are, sir. I've done me best, but you've got rawther a lot o' face to go over, and I may 'ave missed a n'air 'ere an' there. Thet'll be a tanner. Pay in the shop . . . Thanks . . . Thinks I don't know 'im!

PRINTER'S PIE.

Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."

"FEATHERED WORLD":—
"Mrs. ——, having finished sitting, to make room for chickens offers one of her pens of Rhode Island Reds."

"ANSWERS LIBRARY":—
"Mr. Macpherson sat in the doorway . . . cocking a watchful ear towards the street."

"WEEKLY DESPATCH":—
"So keen are they (the Russians) on their theories that they spend the whole of the day and greater part of the night discussing and quarrelling with each other. The rest of the day they are too exhausted to do anything but sleep off their debauch of talk."

"GLASGOW CITIZEN" (advertisement):—
"Widow has large bed-sitting room, share, young man preferred."

"NEWCASTLE DAILY JOURNAL" (advertisement):—
"Housekeeper to clergyman desires change to gentleman."

"DAILY SKETCH":—
"News follows Prayers.—Preceding prayers for British troops, the latest war news is read at Sunningdale (Ascot) Congregational Church every Sunday morning."

TIVOLI THEATRE, NEW BRIGHTON (programme advertisement):—
"A Genuine raincoat is a good friend in all weathers. We have these in the New Trench Style. . . . These are thoroughly porous."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—
"He killed a good many Germans; in fact, he could not help missing them."

"STATESMAN" (Calcutta) (advertisement):—
"Stolen . . . a silver model yacht, 2 ft. by 2 ft. in which the German Kaiser sailed for East Africa in 1906."

BRAIN BATTLES.

Why "Pelmanism" Triumphs.

Over and over again people remark "how extraordinary it is that Pelmanism should make such progress at such a time."

Those are the people who do not know what Pelmanism is and what it does.

The triumph of Pelmanism causes no surprise to those who have taken a Pelman Course; their only surprise is that "Pelmanism" was not made an essential part of the national education years ago.

"If I had only known," a good many Pelmanists say, "I would have taken the Course years ago." "I would not take £1,000 to be without my Pelman books," said an Army officer recently. "If people only realised the facts the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants," says *Truth*.

Why this extraordinary enthusiasm for Pelmanism? Simply because Pelmanism is doing a work which can be accomplished by no other known means.

"Pelmanism" is playing a part in our national life which is comparable to that which our munition works play in the War; it is equipping the rank and file of the nation for the battle of life.

It is not always realised that life and work are "brain battles." Day after day, week after week, year after year, you—and every man and woman, too—are fighting "brain battles." It is your brain against other brains; your brains against obstacles, hindrances, difficulties, problems. You are using your brain all the time, and the better your brain the better your position, your income and your prospects.

Cases in Point.

That is a general statement. It can be illustrated by hundreds of cases in point. Here are a few selected at random from letters received from the many thousands of men and women (of all vocations) who have taken a Pelman Course and have *voluntarily* written to say how greatly it has benefited them:—

—Placed my (medical) practice on a satisfactory basis.
—Rise of £145 per annum.
—Gained promotion and a D.S.O. (Major).
—Doubled my turnover.
—Salary increased by £125 (woman).
—Naval promotion (Captain).
—Salary improved 300 per cent.
—Secured promotion (Lieut.-Col).
—Literary prize of £250.
—My income has gone up 300 per cent.
—Substantial increase in my salary.
—Increase of salary of 50 per cent.
—Increase turnover and salary.
—Got a D.S.O., M.C., and mention in despatches.
—My turnover has beaten all records.
—My business has increased considerably.
—Salary exactly doubled.
—Added £80 to my commission account.
—I have had a 40 per cent. rise.
—The means of making my income double.
—Greatest increase in business.

"No Limit to the Possibilities."

"I am a Scot, and as a nation we are sparing of praise; but to say that your course is a valuable investment and your institute a priceless national asset, is but bare justice."

In these words a Civil Servant expresses his opinion of the Pelman System.

A keen business man said: "There seems to be actually no limit to the possibilities of the Pelman System. I don't care who or what a man is, he is simply bound to progress and to increase his income-earning power if he carefully follows instructions."

83 Admirals and Generals,

and over 25,000 officers and men of the Navy and Army have adopted Pelmanism, as well as over 250,000 men and women in business and professional life. It is directed through the post, and is simple to follow. It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere, in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mind, just as physical exercise develops the muscles, of increasing your personal efficiency, and thus doubling your all-round capacity and income-earning power.

The improvement begins with the first lesson, and continues, increasingly, right up to the final lesson of the Course. Individual instruction is given through the post, and the student receives the utmost assistance from the large expert staff of instructors at the Institute in solving particular personal difficulties and problems.

Every man and every woman, whatever his or her position, income, or aims, should read the explanation of "Pelmanism" so interestingly given in "Mind and Memory," a book which may be truly said to have opened the doors of success for hundreds and thousands of all classes.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of *Truth's* famous Report, and a form entitling readers of JOHN BULL to the complete Pelman Course *at one-third less than the usual fee*, on application to the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.—(ADVT.)

"TOMMY AND JACK."

(Dealing also with the discharged sailor and soldier and their dependents, in co-operation with the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers).

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Those Old Familiar Faces:—Plenty of crocks have been recalled to Oswestry, and are destined for France once more. But the old faces remain—especially officers and non-coms., some of whom have never been out.

A Wail from France:—We hear that the patients of B Block, 73rd General Hospital, in France, are half-starved, and that a lady is at the bottom of the trouble. This is a tip for the principal Medical Officer concerned.

Hardly Believable:—We have a letter from the 386 (H.S.) Labour Coy., at Colchester, telling us that when the men wish to see the Medical Officer they are given medicine and duty by a sergeant. If this is so, it is a case for the War Office authorities.

Clear Out, You Cripples!:—We have a complaint from Blackdown Camp to the effect that when hefty young recruits were sent down there recently a number of category men back home "crocked" were turned out of their huts and placed under canvas to make room for the youngsters. We should like the Brigadier-General to explain this matter.

Thetford for Ever!:—How often have we condemned Thetford Camp! This is to condemn Thetford itself, as it seems to be a hotbed of profiteers. Officers' and soldiers' wives who go there are charged 2 guineas a week per room in houses rented at from fifteen to twenty pounds a year. We fix the price of mutton chops; why not houses which are often very "uneasy" in more than one sense of the word?

"A Way They Have in the Army":—We have raised the age limit to fifty. What can be thought of this—it appears in the *Gazette*?:—"Major W. P. —— having attained the age limit, is placed on retired pay." If the Army Council wished, we could name whole platoons of splendid officers who are still well fitted for duty, and whose heads are full of military knowledge, but who have been cast into outer darkness because they are "too old"—although many of them are younger than the conscripts the Army Council is anxious to garner in. This is only one of our chuckleheaded ways, however.

"Pity the Poor Editor!":—From a letter from a hospital Tommy in Surrey—"An argument has set up here between a few of us as to the number of men, women and children that have been killed of all nations since the War started. Please let me know the real figures if you can." Here's a chance for the statisticians amongst our readers!

The Soldier's Letter:—The raising of the sinews of war is a matter of the first importance. We must now pay three-halfpence each for our letters in the post. Let us hope that somebody, possessing the milk of human kindness, will get up in the House of Commons and insist that the extra halfpenny impost shall not be demanded of our Tommies or their families.

Where are the Police?:—Last week we commented concerning a West-end profiteer who was making a small fortune out of Mons Ribbon, sold to anyone with the necessary cash. We have now received a number of letters from military tailors telling us that they must not sell the ribbon, under penalty of a fine of £100. If the shadow of D.O.R.A. were removed they could sell it profitably at a penny an inch, or fourpence mounted on a brooch similar to that for which the West-end merchant charges 1s. 6d. Come along, Lord Athlumney!

"JACK."

Trouble on Board:—We would remind the Paymaster of H.M.S. *Pactolus*, "Somewhere in Scotland," that the men of some of the mine-sweepers are waiting patiently for their mine money, much of which has been due since December last.

An Urgent Need:—We have received a similar complaint from the minesweepers at Dover. If we have not sufficient money in the cash box to pay these brave men, let the Chancellor of the Exchequer call for another million or so. The nation will gladly find it.

Are We Bankrupt?:—We hear, too, from the R.F.A. *Holdfast* that the men have not yet received the increase of £2 10s. granted to all mercantile ratings (M.M.R.) in November last. Can it be that a hole has appeared in the money bag of the nation?

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Hip, Hip, Hoo-Ray!:—An election for two assistant checkweighmen took place the other day at Houghton-le-Spring, Co. Durham. Result:—Bell, disabled soldier, 346; Bolton, disabled soldier, 312; Councillor Newton, Miners' Secretary, 103; Councillor Hunter, President of Miners' Lodge, 100. What a happy augury! Tommy has come in for his own—at least at Houghton-le-Spring.

Naughty Sunderland:—We note that the Sunderland Corporation Trams Secretary has replaced discharged soldiers by women drivers. Why, in the name of goodness? Is it because the women are cheaper, or that some of them are unpatriotic enough to give the cold shoulder to the men who have saved them?

Damn the Medical Board!:—A returned man "Permanently and Totally Disabled" has obtained employment as messenger orderly at the recruiting office of the Medical Board Department. He is to receive wages at the rate of 22s. per week; no uniform, no boots, and no bonus or other extra. If this is the best we can do for our discharged men, we had better shut up shop!

Where are the Funds?:—Mr. Hodge recently stated that he had quite a pile of money, privately subscribed, to place discharged soldiers on their feet. In a paragraph we told our "Badgers" where they should apply for assistance. We regret to have to say that several very eligible cases have been turned down, and would suggest that the administration of the fund should be transferred to the War Charities Commissioner.

The Indispensables:—Woolwich Arsenal and its "indispensables" seem ever in the limelight. But we are compelled to notice the following outstanding case. A single man, Grade 1, is in charge of a few clerks. He is to remain, though there are many returned men on the spot competent to fill his berth. The fact seems to be that at Woolwich, as elsewhere, the best jobs have been collared by the men who stayed, while the men who went and fought and bled are expected to crowd round the bottom of the ladder.

Play the Game!:—It may be the fact that a certain Munition Factory in Herefordshire is somewhat overstaffed; but when making reductions the management is not playing the game by dismissing badgers and retaining Service-dodgers who should be with the Colours. Woolwich should look into this matter, as local feeling runs high in regard to it.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependants of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Jack's Crippled Daughter:—A sailor's wife told us of the trouble she has with her two children—one of them naturally delicate, and the other crippled through a diseased knee. Her application was prompted by the necessity of purchasing crutches, which she could not afford out of her allowance, whilst various small household accounts were also pressing.

A Double Anxiety:—Her baby very ill, and an invalid mother also claiming her attention, a Tommy's wife appealed to us. Expenses for the illness could not be met without help, as no allowance is received in respect of the old lady.

Particularly Sad:—A Tommy took "French leave" to see his wife, who had been compelled to ask for her discharge from sanatorium as 12s. 6d. a week was being deducted from her allotment for maintenance, though there are four children to be kept. The husband himself is now in hospital. We did what we could for these victims of bureaucracy.

No Money in the House:—A soldier's wife was lying dangerously ill, whilst her little baby beside her had died. The poor woman could not afford to pay for assistance, which was greatly needed as she has four other children to care for.

An Indignant Parent:—The widow of a soldier wrote us of the "disgusting" treatment meted out to her. It appears that she appealed to a public body for assistance, and was refused, though her little girl is ill, and has been ordered nourishing diet. We helped her to obtain it.

"Receiving Attention":—A discharged man is in hospital. His wife is not strong enough to work, and is worried to death by demands of rent, etc., while the Pension Authorities are "considering."

At Their Wits' End:—Discharged to the class W. Reserve, and at present unable to work through ill health, a poor fellow had the anxiety of providing for the needs of his wife, children—the latter suffering from measles—and himself. He stated that all the income at present is 10s. a week National Insurance. He was also being pressed for rent.

A Few More from the Long List:—

Soldier's wife prevented from working by the fact that her baby is gradually dying, and with two other children to tend.

Discharged without a pension, and left to live on air. Just lost her husband, and asked help to pay off the debts which accumulated during his illness.

Soldier's wife temporarily disabled for work, and unable to pay her rent, which is being pressed for.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

H. F., £10; C. R. F., £5; R. E. R. (B.E.F.), 10d.; F. F. S. (South Africa), 6d.; "In Memory of H. B.," 2s. 6d.; E. C. (Lowestoft), 6d.; "An Old Woman," 2s.; J. W., 1s.; Mrs. B. de V. (Johannesburg), £1 5s.; Mrs. G. (Greenock), 5s.; Sons of England Patriotic Society (Vryheid), £1; G. A. L. (Mount Ngwibi), 11th contribution, £3; "Plumber, R. P.," 2s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "Mother of Eight," 6d.; D. H., 6d.; "A Tommy" (Freshwater), 1s.; "W.," 10s.; J. A. (N. Shields), 4s.; J. W. P. (Southampton), 3s. 6d.; G. H. M. (Willesden), 2s. 2d.; F. R. (Manitoba), 10d.; "A Grateful Mother," 5s.; "Thankoffering," 5s.; "Minesweeper 2384," 2s. 6d.; A. M. H. (Kingswood), 5s.; "Auntie," 2s. 6d.; "Wood Eaton Penalty Fund," 4s.; J. E. B., 10s.; S. J. (Crouch End), 7s.; Mrs. T. C., 1s.; A. A. (Boscombe), 1s.; "Tambe Maru," 10s.; Mrs. J. S. (Elgin), 2s.; N. B. (Parkstone), 2s. 6d.; R. M. (Plymouth), 2s.; "Mishima Maru," £1; "Dorcas" (Cheltenham), 5s.; "Jo," £1; J. W. (Berkhamsted), 2s. 6d.; "An Engineer's Wife," 2s.; "A Soldier," 2s.; "Bucks," 2s.; W. H. (Newport), 2s.; R. S. (Hamilton), 2s. 6d.; G. H. P., 2s. 6d.; "A Cheerful Giver," 5s.; J. S. (Basdon), 1s.; "Torquay," 1s.; F. C. (Southwick), 10s.; A. C., 5s.; "Gurkha Convalescent," £1; A. W., 6d.; Mrs. H. B. W., 2s. 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; W. N. S., 2s. 6d.; "Cosney Moch," 5s.; M. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; "X. Y. Z.," 1s.; S. W., 10s.; J. C. McC., 6d.; "Engineer" (Leith), £1; "The Black Squad" (H.M.S. *Lucadia*), £2 4s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; E. J. T. (Hull), 3s.; F. H. (Camberwell), 5s.; W. W. (New Cross), 6d.; "British Printer of 62," 10s.; H. H. L., £1; "An Admirer" (Brixton), 1s.; J. S., 1s. 6d.; T. B., 1s.; W. H. C. (Ealing Common), 1s.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £3; H. M., 1s.; "Tommy's Friend," 1s.; A. M. B. (Bournemouth), £2; T. G. C., 5s.; "Merle," 2s. 6d.; Caine Dept., Y.E.C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), £1; Mrs. F. S., 6d.; Part proceeds of Xmas Concert, Falkland Islands (per T. A. W.), £2 6s.; A. M. (Liverpool), 1s.; "A Canadian Soldier," 5 francs; M. E. G., 4s.; Mrs. P. (Hastings), 7s. 2d.; Anon., 6d.; "The Idler," 5s.; J. A. B. (Liverpool), 10s.; T. L. (Glos.), £1 1s.; "Jack" (Plymouth), 5s.; Mrs. J. C., 1s.; "Driver K.," 1s.; "An Oxford Reader," 10s.; A. T. (Norwich), 5s.; J. G., 2s. 2d.; J. L., 10d.; "Tollie" (Italy), 2s. 6d.; "The Widow's Mite," 1s.; s.s. *Donax* (per M. W. and A. E. P.), £1 11s. 10d.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"A YORKSHIRE LAD."—"I have often wondered why it is that some people do not like you." The same astonishing fact has often puzzled us.

C. G. (Turin), who always gets his JOHN BULL, adds, "May your shadow never grow less." Sorry he doesn't realise the circumference of our shadow.

G. L. (Penycraig).—If you were an observant reader of our columns, you would know that we have recently instituted proceedings against the printers and publishers of the pamphlet in question, entitled: "Horatio Bottomley Exposed."

"DAVE" (Salonika).—"I've ta'en ye, John, both far an' near, When verra weel an' verra queer; Ye've always helped us wi' a will, That's why we'll knock oot Kaiser Bill." Hoots, mon!

W. R. B. (London, S.E. 23).—The only allotment we would let to any German in England would measure 6ft. by 2ft. and be situate in the nearest cemetery. Mr. Parker, of the L.C.C. Parks Department, might note.

"FARMER" (Westminster).—You oppose conscription for Ireland because the men are wanted on the land. Well, we support conscription because the men are wanted to *save the land.*

H. S. P. (Northampton).—All cut and dried is your plan "to land another army on the Belgian coast, blow Ostend to smithereens, and take the Germans in the rear." But you "modestly confess there may be difficulties in the way." Yet difficulties are only made to be overcome, so now have a cut at them.

"MARTHA."—"Why not get up an Army and call it JOHN BULL'S Army?" We do; once a week.

"MRS." (Higham Ferrers).—You will have seen our protest against calling up the 50 men until all the young slackers have gone.

"AN ADMIRER" (Limerick).—"And there's nothing brings back that dear land to me, like the good English sayings of H. Bottomley." No wonder our hat feels tight at the edges.

E. M. C. (Dublin).—"I am positive 'JOHN BULL, London,' will find you." As you see, you have clicked.

G. L. M. (Glasgow), an Italian soldier, wishes there were a JOHN BULL in Italy. A high compliment.

"DEVOTED FOLLOWER" (Southsea).—"Teachin' the crazy ones, leadin' the lasy ones, helpin' the lazy ones on with his toe." Thus, it appears, we remind you of the immortal Father O'Flynn.

B. B. (Hinckley).—When the Army calls up the men of from 50 to 55 the band will probably play "It is Enough," from Mendelssohn's *Elijah.*

"A CIVILIAN" (Pall Mall).—"Why not destroy the Hun High Command?" You have our full and free permission.

W. C. (Ballycarry).—You would call a man of 25 who married a widow with five children *lazy.* We should wait events before using the epithet.

MISS D. H. (York).—We are heartbroken that you are annoyed because we have not printed your wish for matrimonial correspondence with a Colonial. "When you see the advert. you will send some stamps for us to send the answers." Do not hurry to send those stamps.

"READER" (Wakefield).—A butcher complains of the frozen meat supplied him. Wakefield is not the only place where butchers have had to sell it, or people to eat it.

T. D. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—"May I call your attention to a chimney-shaft?" Certainly, but we don't want the thing lugged up to our office.

T. E. (Bargoed).—"Your comments in this week's issue are correct." How much do you charge for that?

"THE TRIO" (Narberth).—"When his term of exemption expired he dodged the army by taking to the plough." Tie him to the tail of it.

"LAUNDRY."—Can't make out how Max Emanuels ("Starchall") gets all the paper by means of which he pesters laundries with his circulars.

S. J. (Grimsby).—Yours is about the worst handwriting we have ever had fired at us. Haven't the slightest idea what it means. Take it as read.

"DISCHARGED CRIPPLED" (Gateshead).—"He said there was such a big demand for labour that he could not find me work." There must be also a big demand for lunatics.

G. P.—You must not set traps in your garden to catch your neighbour's trespassing fowls, but that is no reason why mysterious accidents should not occur to the depredators.

P. (R.N.V.R.).—Thanks, but "Satan's letter to the Kaiser" is as ancient now as Old Nick himself.

F. A. M. (Tonbridge).—"Enclosed (poem) is one of many I have written lately." Give up the bad habit before it gets too strong a hold.

J. McB. (Doncaster).—"They thought they would frighten me, but my heart is in the wrong place to be frightened by such men, after serving on three fronts." Good luck to you!

W. B.—A tobacconist who declines to serve wounded soldiers would lose his licence if we had our way.

C. B. (Sutton).—"I went into a public-house to have a drink." That's better than pretending you went in to change a threepenny bit.

A. S. W. (Bethnal Green).—Your suggestion of extinguishing street lamps on moonlight nights already widely adopted. Write us immediately next time you get a brain-wave.

"A VICTIM" (St. John's Wood).—"It would be very bad taste to praise you." That explains the samples of good taste we sometimes get, anonymously.

"MEG" (Manchester).—A lonely servant, wanting a decent situation where you don't have to sit in a dismal kitchen with not a soul to speak to? Well, girl, hustle round; plenty of good jobs going for good women.

R. B. (St. Buryan).—"If the above is worth publishing, don't insert my name and address." Why write it on sanitary paper?

"LAND" (Bushley).—It is up to "gentlemen's gardeners" to settle their wages with the gentlemen. Every labourer ought to be worthy of his squire.

PTE. C. D. (Isleworth).—Fifty-five thousand Belgians have been placed "on work of national importance" in this country since 1915; and many of them ought to be in the Army.

D. G. (Chichester).—Well, it simply shows once again how careful one ought to be in the selection of parents.

"DAMNATION" (Halifax).—As you've written it, it looks like Hellifax. If anybody could end the war by cussing the Kaiser, you'd be that man.

MRS. C. (Ramsgate).—We cannot suggest any way in which your parents can relieve themselves of the German boy they adopted six years ago, and who has now become uncontrollable, like the little Hun he is. To have him sent to an English reformatory would be unfair to the other inmates.

MR. S. W. R. FAWCETT (of 104, Exeter Road, Exmouth) tells us that he secured the first prize of £250 in "Bullets" Competition No. 280 after competing for only seven weeks. Congratulations!

R. P. (*H.M.S. Danae*).—"I submit enclosed as an idea for you to work up or consign to W.P.B." *Sorry,* the W.P.B. wins.

MRS. S. (Stockton-on-Tees).—It has given its great pleasure to forward to the soldier's wife the 15s. so kindly sent.

NATIONAL CANINE DEFENCE LEAGUE.—As you will have observed, we've got our eye on the callous Bench that ferociously fined a poor woman for failing to take out a dog licence.

H. W. S. (Crickhowell).—"What town in France will the German Army represent? *Army in tears.* This is my own thinking." If we followed your pronunciation we might ask what the Bailleul you mean.

A. H. B. (Nottingham).—The letter from Isaac, of the Gold Coast, who wants a "lively correspondence" and something sent to him, shows that the black boys out there are still on the make-haste.

MISS J. F. H. (Co. Monaghan).—"Is there any place I could get pure flour for an invalid?" Only through local Food Controller, acting on doctor's certificate. And perhaps not then.

CORPL. F. (Rotherham).—"I always thought a public-house was open to anyone." Unfortunately we are unlearning many of the things we were taught at Sunday School.

L. T. (Dudley).—If we printed every scurrilous scandal brought to our notice, we should swell to the size of a Family Bible.

E. B. McD. (Sydney, N.S.W.).—"This sketch though rough is seen to dive." No dive observed up to time of writing. Ought we to test it in a tumbler?

H. S. (Edinburgh).—Want to know where you should apply for "particulars of enrolment under the Secret Service"? Ah! that is one of the secrets of the Secret Service.

J. F. (London).—It was not a "dirty trick" on the part of the Englishman who informed the police that you had falsified your passport, but his patriotic duty. Your motive may have been the most innocent, but we cannot afford to take chances even with friendly aliens.

C. H. (Haricsden).—Glad that, finding the JOHN BULL Pen so satisfactory, you desire to present one to your sweetheart. Send in the coupon in the usual way—there is no restriction on the number which any one reader may purchase.

"FOR OLD ENGLAND" (New Ferry).—Can't say about chain-shells, but chain-shot—two cannon balls joined by a chain—is as old as guns. Read Captain Marryatt, or any other old salt yarner.

G. J. (Stratford).—Fancy commencing as poet at the age of 80! How plucky!

"LIEUT." (Ripon).—Four years of war for nothing? Impossible! Don't you remember? "Each cursed his fate that thin their project crossed; How hard their lot who neither won nor lost." Cheer up!

"LCE-CPL." (Donington).—"To settle an argument, if I put in a penny packet of radish seeds, how many 2d. bunches shall I get?" 295½.

L. P. (London, S.E.).—"It is hard to keep tools up in face of folly and treachery at home." That's so, friend; but the hammer to the anvil all the same.

J. S. (Edinburgh).—You ought to be able to get Prince Lichnowsky's Memorandum as a pamphlet at any bookstall throughout the Kingdom.

"LEX" (Lincoln's Inn).—"Beat thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him." Look in the mirror.

PRIVATE E. B. C. (Woking).—It is disgusting to read of these selfish "two-in-family" people with half-a-dozen servants advertising for still another.

"OLD CONTEMPTIBLE" (Shoreham-by-Sea).—It would be a mistake for the Government to subsidise marriages unless they also provided extra facilities for divorce; for many couples would get spliced for the sake of the tin and quarrel afterwards over the spending.

S. SGT. F. (Colchester).—"Inform me as to the deepest coal pit in Great Britain and its depth." If of any use, we can name the deepest coal-merchant, the depth of whose duplicity is unfathomable.

MRS. W. (Kingsland).—"I went into the 'Lamb,' called for a small Scotch"—and didn't get it. Rather like the thirsty man in Shakespeare, who summoned spirits from the vasty deep, but they came not.

MRS. M. F. A. (Lichfield).—Sorry to hear of the butter "going wrong" at Lichfield; but, then, butter always was a slippery proposition.

D. M. (Leyton).—"Has your attention been called to the young men in Victoria Street?" No; but it has sometimes been momentarily engaged by young ladies in the Strand.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

As sold at 15/-

Price with 1 coupon 5/3

You may send coupons to the value of 1/- and P.O. for 4/3 By Post 2d. extra

This Pen can safely be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket the nib section is drawn into the ink-barrel. An ideal pen for travelling purposes.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this Date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 2d. stamps for postage. DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA. Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. This offer closes May 4th, 1918.

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

Old coupons will be accepted at their face value—One Penny.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

ARGENTINE TOBACCO CO., LTD.

The ordinary general meeting of the Argentine Tobacco Co., Ltd., was held on April 25th last. Baron Emile B. d'Erlanger, the chairman, said the balance-sheet disclosed liquid assets worth approximately £1,000,000, as compared with £1,010,000 a year ago, as against some £375,500 of liability, including the debentures outstanding. The trading profit was £375,000, a decrease as compared with the previous year of something like £74,000. Further economies, however, had been made on the other side, the general charges showing a reduction of £17,000 at £129,000. To the balance £50 to be added income from investments and interest, and a small figure in respect of transfer fees, so that the net profit after deducting trustees' fees, London office expenses, income tax, and debenture interest, amounted to £113,000.

MAZAWATTEE TEA CO., LTD.

At the meeting of the Mazawattee Tea Company, Limited, held on April 29th, Mr. Alexander Jackson said the profit for the year was £50,105, against £36,088 for the preceding year. During the year they had had many difficulties. There had been many changes in the distribution of articles of food, and tea had been under some kind of Government control. At times there were short supplies, and at one period, when very large stocks of tea were lying in India and Ceylon, all the tea that was available for distribution at home was 27 per cent. of normal requirements for September and 24 per cent. for October. That the shipping difficulty could easily have been overcome was proved by the fact that now, when it was a much more serious condition and tonnage most difficult to obtain, Government had been able to give the necessary facilities, and there were now quite substantial stocks of tea in the country.

A £30,000 BOOK.

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

For two PENCE a day you can possess one of the most beautiful and fascinating fine art books ever published. This book is "THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD," the marvels of nature and man as they exist to-day. Never before has such a wonderful idea been brought to such perfection. Here you have over 1,000 beautiful pictures, selected from nearly 1,000,000 and 28 beautiful coloured plates, showing the world's most wonderful sights, with letterpress written by the most famous travellers.

The photographs took over five years to collect and come from all parts of the world. The two large handsome volumes are printed throughout on the finest quality art paper and are beautifully bound in half morocco leather elaborately gilded. "The Wonders of the World" has been translated into almost every European language, and about a quarter of a million copies have been sold—a fine testimony as to its great fascination. It is a standard work for every home. Write to-day, enclosing 4 penny stamps to cover postage, and we will send you FREE the first 48 pages and a coloured plate printed on art paper worth 1s. IT IS SURE TO PLEASE YOU.

The STANDARD ART BOOK CO., Ltd., Dept. 6, 30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

PLAY THIS AT SIGHT.

Amateur musicians who cannot now play at sight can easily do so in three months by the Thelwall Rapid System of Sight-Reading (12 lessons only, by correspondence). You are told what to do and how to do it.

During the last 11 years this system has been highly recommended by all the leading papers and thousands of successful pupils throughout the world.

"You have my consent to use my name as one who strongly approves of your methods."

(Signed) LANDON RONALD.

Endorsed also by Sir F. Bridge, Mus. Doc., M.V.O., Dr. J. Borland, etc.

Send 1d. stamp to-day for free, unsolicited testimonials and full information to—Dept. 31, W. H. THELWALL, 30-32, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

NO MORE GERMAN MOUTH ORGANS.

A British Rival to the CHELLAPHONE.

A perfect Pocket Instrument for our Soldiers and Sailors. Post free, with full instructions, 1/2 each, or 12s. per doz. from the maker R. FIELD, Lockwood Road, Huddersfield.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). Allow discount for CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 46 years. CHARGE MAY, Sons & Co., Moor Street, Birmingham. Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

TOMMY'S CLEANLINESS AND SAFETY.

How to Keep our Soldiers Free from Body Vermin, Mosquitoes, and Flies.

The British Soldier is the cleanest soldier in the world, but stay-at-homes have no idea how difficult it is to keep free from body vermin and—in the hot climates—disease-infected mosquitoes and flies.

Every soldier should have a 1/- stick of PARASITOX in his kit. This wonderful compound rubbed on to the skin, or in the seams of the clothing, destroys and repels all form of insect life. It is non-greasy and non-odorous, and, unlike powders and liquids, PARASITOX remains effective for a long time.

Dug-outs and sleeping quarters are more than likely to be swarming with vermin, but PARASITOX will keep Tommy free from these, and ensure that comfort and rest which mean so much to the maintenance of health and good spirits.

Thousands of sticks of PARASITOX are sent regularly every week to British prisoners by the Central Prisoners of War Committee.

Send some PARASITOX to your soldier or sailor boy. He will appreciate the thoughtfulness of your gift.

ON SALE AT ALL CANTEENS, 1/-.

PARASITOX
THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.
PARASITOX

Also at All Principal Chemists and Stores; or from Heppell's Pharmacies, 164, Piccadilly, and Branches.

FREE COPY AWAITS YOU!

Send *your* address on a postcard and receive H. Samuel's Free Guide to 3,000 Bargains in handsome Jewellery, reliable Watches and Plate. A purchase from the Bargain Book is a sound investment, as high class Jewellery is steadily increasing in value.

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Fully jewelled movement, nickel case 17/6

H. SAMUEL, 199, Market St. Manchester.

H. SAMUEL, LTD.

An Absolute Cure for BUNIONS and SORE FEET

Grasshopper Ointment Draws out the Itching Pain and Inflammation with an effectiveness Unequalled by any other Preparation.

Copy of letter received 20/3/1918 from Pte. W. Christy, No. 301578, Detachment 730 Labour Company, Platoon 4, A.P.O. 3, B.E.F., France.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly forward me four boxes of Grasshopper Ointment; enclosed please find P.O. for 5s.

My feet have been so bad that I could scarcely walk, until my wife sent me a box of Grasshopper, and after using it a second time my feet got splendid, very much to the surprise of my comrades, several of whom are also suffering. I let them use some of mine which gave them the same result as it did to myself.

They have now asked me to send this order to you, hoping you will post it as soon as possible, as the Boys are anxiously waiting for it.—I remain, yours sincerely,

W. CHRISTY.

Grasshopper well rubbed into **Swollen** or **Sore Feet Draws** out the **Pain** and **Inflammation** with a promptitude and effectiveness which surpass all expectations. The swelling of the feet subsides, and it is again possible to walk without discomfort.

What **Grasshopper** does for swollen feet, it does in the case of other troubles caused by poisoned or diseased blood. It is of especial value in treating **Ulcers, Sunburns, Boils, Carbuncles, Piles, Bad Legs and Chilblains,** as it cures these maladies by drawing from the blood and tissue purulent matters which produce them. You are urged to refuse all substitutes and imitations.

Why not send a supply of **Grasshopper** to the lads in France or Flanders? The many applications which reach us from men on active service for boxes of the Ointment show that they have urgent need of it

Grasshopper Ointment may be had of Boots', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, Civil Service Stores, Army and Navy Stores, Lewis and Burrows', Bishop's, Heppell's, Harrod's, Parke's, Selfridge's, and other Stores and Chemists at 1/3 and 3/- a box, or direct, post free, from

J. B. Albert, 73, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Baby really enjoys an outing in a

THE "Trippa"

Folding Baby Car

Sold by all Pram Dealers

The well-padded and comfortable, adjustable back and seat of these carts prevent all jolt to the child's tender limbs when sitting or reclining. Price from 52/6

BROWNBROS, Ltd., 64, Eastern St., E.C.2 Deansgate, MANCHESTER. Write for Catalogue.

FITZPATRICK'S

For Greatest Value in Cycle Goods. Fine New Volume, "EVERYTHING for the CYCLIST" FREE. SAVES YOU MONEY.

Every possible want. No disappointments. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CYCLES (7 days' free trial). TYRES, TUBES, all Accessories. Send postcard, H. FITZPATRICK, Dept. 62

—BURNLEY.—

Foster Clark's

FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.

You simply add Water

2D SOUPS

BICYCLE BARGAINS.—Write before it is too late for my clearance lists, Premiers, Humbers Amateurs, Swifts, Triumphs, Rovers, Raglans, Court Royals, &c., grand bicycles from £7 19s. 6d. (cash or easy payments); prices £12 12s. Also Motor Cycles.—GEORGE KING, Ltd., the Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

FALSE TEETH BOUGHT.

Cash or offer by return; before selling make sure of their value by writing for free booklet, which explains very clearly the value of any artificial teeth. Kindly mention "John Bull."

E. LEWIS, 27, London St., Southport, Lancs.

A REVOLUTION IN PORTRAITURE.

£10 10s. 0d. Framed Oil-Portraits of "John Bull" Readers for £2 2s. 0d.

Just as a year ago we enabled thousands of "John Bull" readers to obtain the £1 Dictionary for a nominal sum, so to-day we introduce an entirely new process by which every home can secure a magnificent oil-portrait, permanent, tasteful, artistic and equal to the work of a first-rate portrait painter.

Oil-Portraits of this kind have been and are being sold at prices varying from 10 guineas to 20 guineas unframed.

These Oil-Portraits, in massive gilt frames, will be sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom. All you have to do is to send us the photograph you wish to have treated, and we will send you within twenty days an oil-portrait measuring, with the frame, 26in. by 22in., the size of the canvas being 20in. by 16in.

WE GUARANTEE TO REFUND THE MONEY IN FULL TO ANYONE NOT SATISFIED WITH HIS OIL-PORTRAIT, WHO RETURNS IT TO US IN GOOD CONDITION WITHIN EIGHT DAYS OF RECEIVING IT.

There may be some "John Bull" readers who would prefer to pay for their oil-portrait by instalments. We are prepared to accept the sum of £1 1s. with the order, and five weekly payments of 5s. 6d. each, commencing on receipt and acceptance of the oil-portrait. All that "John Bull" readers have to do is to send us, with the coupon at the foot of this column, the photograph they wish to have reproduced in oil colour, with the description written on the back of it, of the colour of the eyes, hair, complexion, uniform, dress, badges, and decorations, accompanied by the remittance or either one or two guineas as the case may be.

"HIS" PICTURE.

In these terrible days we all have some dear one doing his bit at the front, and alas! often one who has paid the supreme sacrifice. Think what it means to have in one's home a beautiful Oil-Portrait, suitably framed and worthy of the loved one who is absent, of the hero who is gone, instead of an inadequate photograph.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

These 10 guinea framed Oil-Portraits can be seen at the Oxford Street Studios, 155/157, Oxford Street, W.1, where orders can also be booked on production of the coupon at the bottom of this column. Anyone applying there will be given a free sitting, should he require it, to enable him to obtain a perfect original for his Oil-Portrait, after the payment of one or two guineas, as the case may be.

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME

Writes:—"For beauty of colouring and perfect likeness, they far surpass pictures I have paid very many pounds for in the past. Your Oil-Portraits are things of beauty, and a joy for ever. They are truly wonderful."

CAPTAIN L. E. A. SANDY

Writes:—"I am delighted with the two magnificent Oil-Portraits received to-day, and have shown them to several brother officers, who consider them perfect works of art.

"JOHN BULL" PORTRAIT COUPON.

To the Oil-Portrait Dept.,
Oxford Street Studios,
155/157 Oxford Street, W.1.

I enclose my photograph, from which I desire to have an oil-portrait. I also enclose:—

(a) remittance to the value of £2 2s.

(b) remittance to the value of £1 1s., and promise to pay the balance of £1/1/6 in five weekly instalments of 5/6 each, beginning on receipt and acceptance of the portrait by me. (Cross out the clause that does not apply).

I understand that in case I am not completely satisfied with the oil-portrait you send me, you will refund me the money in full, provided I return the oil-portrait in good condition within one week of its receipt by me.

Mr., Mrs. or Miss.....

Address .....

'Bullets'

2ND Prize £25 | **1ST PRIZE** | **£200** | **'Bullets' 1ST PRIZE** | **3RD Prize £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 9th

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(284) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 284. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 9th

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(284) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 9th

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(284) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for next week's "Bullets" Competition No. 285. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MAY 16th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 285 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets," No. 285, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Each coupon MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty-three Examples for Competition 284.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 285.

THE RIGHT NUMBER	SORRY AFTER	ON THE NOD	LIKE A SHOT
FIRST LOVE	GETTING HIS TICKET	GERMAN TOYS	GRANDFATHER
A HARD STRUGGLE	BETWEEN OURSELVES	NOT TOO LATE	DOCTOR'S ADVICE
UPSETTING BUSINESS	GOOD FOR NOTHING	ATTRACTS ATTENTION	TOMMY'S STANDING
FINGER IN PIE	DONE BROWN	BEYOND BELIEF	THE KAISER WANTS

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 284.

THE BRITISH NAVY	[illegible]	[illegible]
BOTTOMLEY'S MEETING	[illegible]	[illegible]
AMERICAN FLIERS	GERMAN RETURNS	READY TO FIGHT
READY TO START	WITHOUT A SMILE	WELL ADVERTISED
LLOYD GEORGE	BUSY FLOTTERS	LOOKS LIKE RAIN
HIGH LIVING	WHAT WE WEAR	BRAVE MEN
HOLDING THEM BACK	TOMMY'S FAG	HOLDING OUR OWN
PRUSSIAN GUARDS	MAKES A DIFFERENCE	WHEN SHATTERED
LOOKING FORWARD	OPEN LETTERS	HARD LINES
WE ALL DISLIKE	SAVING THE BACON	WHEN FATHER'S AT HOME
DAY OF REST	FAIR PLAY	HARD LIVING

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-three examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—MAKES A DIFFERENCE. Bullet:—WHEN OUTSIDERS JUMP UP. Example:—WITHOUT A SMILE. Bullet:—SHELDON OUR TOMMIES.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated May 25th. This week's "Bullet" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated May 4th.

RESULT OF 281st "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. DUNCAN BAIRD, 310, Uxbridge Rd., Shepherd's Bush, London.

Example:—WASTING GAS.

Bullet:—HUNS SUGGESTING IRA DISCONTINUANCE.

SECOND PRIZE of £25:

Pte. G. H. VARLEY, 350831, "D" Coy., 26 Bn., D.L.I., St. Nicholas at Wade, Kent.

Example:—JUST WHAT'S WANTED.

Bullet:—GOVERNMENT WORKS—UNTIL ERECTED.

THIRD PRIZE of £10:

Pte. H. WAREHAM, R.A.F., War School, Manston, Ramsgate.

Example:—THE LAST WORD.

Bullet:—GERMANY WILL "BREAK."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. R. Palmer, 41, North Road, Beenford: SOLD SHOULDER—HINDENBURG GIVES GREATLY LESS.

Mr. A. Williams, 1, Tullie Street, Carlisle: COLD SHOULDER—AUSTRIA'S SHARE OF PLUNDER.

Mr. M. H. G. Ferguson, 3, Priory Avenue, High Wycombe, Bucks:—NO EARTHLY USE—BAINY WHO WON'T FIGHT.

Mrs. K. Harris, 3, Muston Road, New Kent Road, London, S.E.: WAR RECIPES—"DON'T PLEASE!" (Sent in on a "Free Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. R. A. Hanson, Red Gables, Cloughton, Scarboro': BRITISH SPORTS—"DERBYSHIRE" WHERE THEY DIE.

Mr. H. E. Oldham, 28, Marley Rd., Levenshulme, Manchester. THING OF THE PAST—"DECORATED TO SUIT TENANT."

Mrs. E. Leigh, "Bradston," Orsett Road, Grays, Essex. MOST SENSATIONAL—KAISER "BOXED" FOR ENGLAND.

Mr. A. T. Leonard, 19 Lennox Rd., Worthing LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION—THE MODERN COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

Mr. P. Vardon, Home for Boys, Gorey, Jersey LEAVING HIM OUT.—SONNY'S KNICKERS ARE RAPIDLY.

Mrs. B. S. Mason, Sheepwash, Cricket-St., Thomas, Chard: HOLDING THE LINE.—"PICTURE OF THE YEAR."

19 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. H. Jones, 45, Church Rd., Rochdale: JUST WHAT'S WANTED—GERMANY "BANKED"—TOMMY "DECEASED."

Miss A. Ford, St. Margaret's T.S.O., Norwich: IN FRANCE—WEATHER CLERK'S NEUTRALITY SUSPECTED.

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. R. Barlow, 88, Cowper St., Ashton-under-Lyne: WASTING GAS—ARMY DENTIST, NEVER.

Mr. A. P. Drew, 58, King St., Derby: NEW CODE—TOMMY "GOES"—BAD SHAVES.

Mr. J. R. Dodds, 19, Henry St., North Shields: SLICE OF LUCK—IRELAND DON'T ACCOMPANY MESOPOTAMIA.

Mr. H. G. Price, 4, Prospect Rd., Surbiton: THING OF THE PAST—"LUXURY" WE THOUGHT "NECESSARY."

Mr. L. Alexander, "Thistlewood," Poplar Walk, Herne Hill, S.E.: HOLDING THE LINE—UNTIL "GOING" SUITS US.

Mr. R. Lee, 22, St. John's St., Great Harwood, Lancs: IN FRANCE—"BOYCHAUX" REQUIRE NO COUPONS.

Mr. W. Allman, 7, Heath Rd., Penketh, Warrington: RAISING THE SIEGE—DINER, AFTER TASTING CHICKEN.

Miss A. E. Clarke, 47, Elm Park Mansions, Chelsea, S.W.: THING OF THE PAST—"WHERE WAS GERMANY, GRANDPA?"

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 281 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

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Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
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May 8th, 1918

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REGISTRATION FORM

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The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

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In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

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Address_____

Signature of Insured_____ (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of Insd._____

May 8th, 1918.

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"GRAND CUT"

TOBACCO.

COOL. per 9½d. oz. FRAGRANT

Nervous and Anæmic.

Speedy Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

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Mrs. Leadbeater, 27, Venice Street, Daubhill, Bolton, says:—"It is about ten years since I began to suffer with nerves and anæmia. I went quite thin and pale. There was a lot of pain, too, in my side, and terrible headaches. Indigestion was another trouble. Often I was in bed for weeks at a time.

"It was not until I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets that there was any real improvement in my health. It was wonderful how my health returned. They made a new woman of me."

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Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the safest and most effective home treatment for :—

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia	Palpitation
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Spinal Weakness	Indigestion	Loss of Flesh
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Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the critical periods of life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the World.

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FREE INFORMATION.—If you desire further information about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, write to us, describing your own case, and we will advise as to suitability. Address: DR. CASSELL'S Co., LTD., Chester Road, Manchester.

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EASY ——— J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD ——— TERMS

Photo by Wrather & Buys.

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To The "Daisy" Co.

Dear Sirs

The fact that I have personally proven the exceptional benefits of "Daisy" tablets in cases of headache and neuralgia prompts me to express the opinion that they are "the only cure in the world" for me.

Really they are superior to anything else I know of and it is a pleasure to say so, apart from the knowledge that they are due to British skill and experience.

You have my permission to publish this letter and also my photograph.

Yours faithfully.

George Robey

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So strenuous a life, such exacting devotion, naturally entails occasional headache or neuralgic strain, but Mr. George Robey always places reliance on the remarkable British specific, "Daisy Tablets." In proof that his reliance is not misplaced, read his letter at side to the Proprietors of "Daisy."

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Treatise and Sample Free.—If you would like to try them at our expense, send us your name and address on a postcard, and we will send you FREE a dainty box, along with a very interesting scientific booklet on the cure of head and nerve pains of all kinds. Write to-day to DAISY, Ltd. (Dept. T7), LEEDS

Daisy Tablets are sold by Boots, Taylor's and Chemists everywhere at 1/3 per box, or direct (post free) from Daisy, Ltd. (Dept. T7), Leeds.

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Take her—

Take her straight to the "Midland." That's the place for furniture. You and she together will be able to choose the very home you have set your hearts on. They give you £100,000 worth of beautiful and splendidly-made furniture to select from; and the plainly-marked Midland prices make every purchase a bargain.

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10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Bonds.

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Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Brown Agents for the Colonies,

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Seven doors from Holborn and Western Tube Station, 1 minute from Piccadilly Tube Station.

Hours 9 till 6. Saturdays 9 till 1.

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Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms is insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

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£40	80	1 0 0
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£100	200	2 15 0
£250	500	6 7 6
£500	1000	12 15 0

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Printed and published for the Proprietors (John Bull, Ltd.), by ODHAMS LIMITED, [illegible] Covent Garden, W.C.; South African Central News Agency, Ltd.; and [illegible]